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SEPTEMBER 28, 1979

F. Buckley Jr. asks:
YOU TALK TO TERRORISTS? — see page 1252

NATIONAL REVIEW

...we survive the class of 1984?

DANIEL DYER

ON THE DANGERS OF BEING ROBERT S. McNAMARA

STEVEN E. LANDSBURG

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MR E ROY SMITH

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Hugh Kenner reviews Guy Davenport's Da Vinci ♦ James Hitchcock on Peter L. Berger ♦ Also W.H. von Dreele, Brian Crozier, M.J. Sobran, John Simon & Keith Mano

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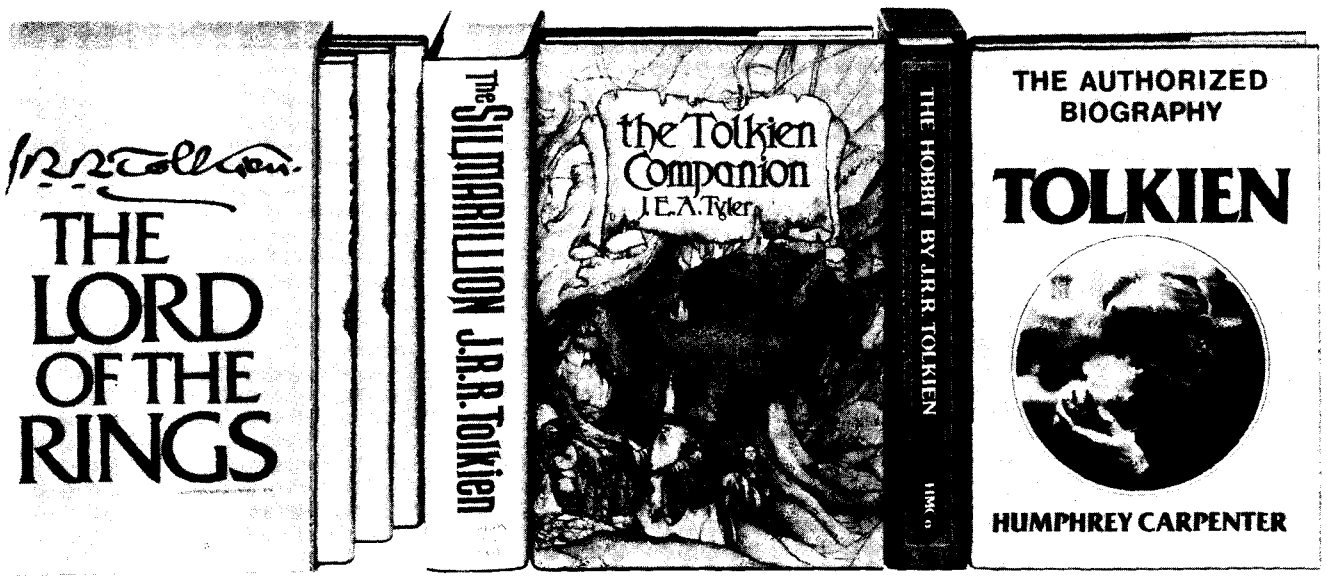

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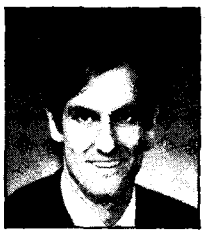

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Major role	65%
Minor role only	27%
Don't know	8%

Source: Survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc. May 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults.

Two-thirds say industry will play major role.

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Letters

All God's Creatures

Over the years, I have come to cherish the jibes at loony environmentalists which enliven "The Week" section of NATIONAL REVIEW. It was with a degree of suspicion, therefore, that I greeted James Buckley's "Three Cheers for the Snail Darter" [Sept. 14]. Since I fall into the category that Buckley describes as "practical men of affairs," I might have skipped the article entirely had it been authored by anyone less apodictically sane.

Now I feel constrained to admit (grumpily) that a sober case can be made for certain kinds of environmental protection. Implicit in Buckley's argument is that the wanton destruction of animal species is marked by the same kind of contempt for the past that I have always associated with liberalism. I preserve a reverence for my religious, intellectual, and cultural inheritance, and it's clear that I should now add my biological inheritance to that category.

His point is well taken, but Jim Buckley is an awful kill-joy. He obviously belongs back in the Senate.

George Claremont
Livingston, N.J.

Typo

Those gremlins in the typesetters have done it again! Between my manuscript and the final product on the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW ["Governor Brown Had a Bad Week Too," Aug. 17] *Edison* Miller was rechristened *Edward* Miller. A trifling typo? Yes. But I hope you will make an appropriate correction in deference to the feelings of the score or so "Edward Millers" listed in the Orange County phone book, none of whom a) collaborated with the enemy in Vietnam and b) was appointed to the county's Board of Supervisors by Governor Jerry Brown.

Phil Nicolaides
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Church of Silence

I have been deeply stirred by the article about the Russian Pentecostal families trapped between American diplomatic cowardice and Soviet persecution ["Down and Out in the American Embassy," by Kevin Lynch, Aug. 31]. There seems a gentle irony, though, in NATIONAL REVIEW's taking up this particular cause in light of *NR*'s routine putting down of U.S. charismatics or pentecostals, something that has always bewildered and depressed me, since I am a conservative Roman Catholic who is also a Catholic pentecostal.

The persistent drubbings of charisma Catholics and Protestant fundamentali in your pages form what is a large unpleasant picture at *NR*. The mag zine is basically at one with the secul media in forming a media blockag against this U.S. Church of Silence, th "Bible-thumpers." The few apertures i variably come from WFB, who leads th way in cheers occasionally for Eldridg Cleaver, Anita Bryant, Billy Grahan and even Carter.

And so the irony I mark is that afte all along keeping pace with the secula media in suppressing the religious view points of U.S. pentecostals, NATIONAL RE VIEW takes up the cause of the Russia ones. Does nobody see that Moscow' ability to peddle its official line abou these Christians—namely that they ar "fanatics"—is directly linked to the U.S media view (a composite of intellectua snobbery and ordinary religious bigotry that this is indeed what they are?

If there is an Official Record aroun someplace, I should like to register thi fact on it: *To be willing to die for one' Faith is not to be fanatical. It is to b perfectly together.*

Meantime, the inevitable is occurring With a national election coming up, re ligious conservatives are forming thei own lobby, Christian Voice, to mak themselves heard. That the resources o their powerful "electric church" and o NATIONAL REVIEW are not fused is no surprising. But it is sad.

Barbara Naue
New Orleans, La

Rare Flower

I found Charles Kesler's essay on th political philosophy of Harry V. Jaff [July 6] accurate and admirable. My only regret was that in such a concise introduction to the man's scholarship, littl space could be reserved for mention o his extraordinary spirit. Intellectual passion is a beautiful but very rare (and mistrusted) flower in the garden of academia, yet its rich colors are as characteristic of Jaffa's lectures as are the lucidity and profundity of his scholarly argument. Professor Jaffa's students take away from his classroom more than an acquaintance with his superb written work; they receive animated and powerful reaffirmations of the beauty and purposefulness of the life of the mind—an experience one cannot buy even with solid gold.

Christopher C. Harmon
Claremont, Calif.

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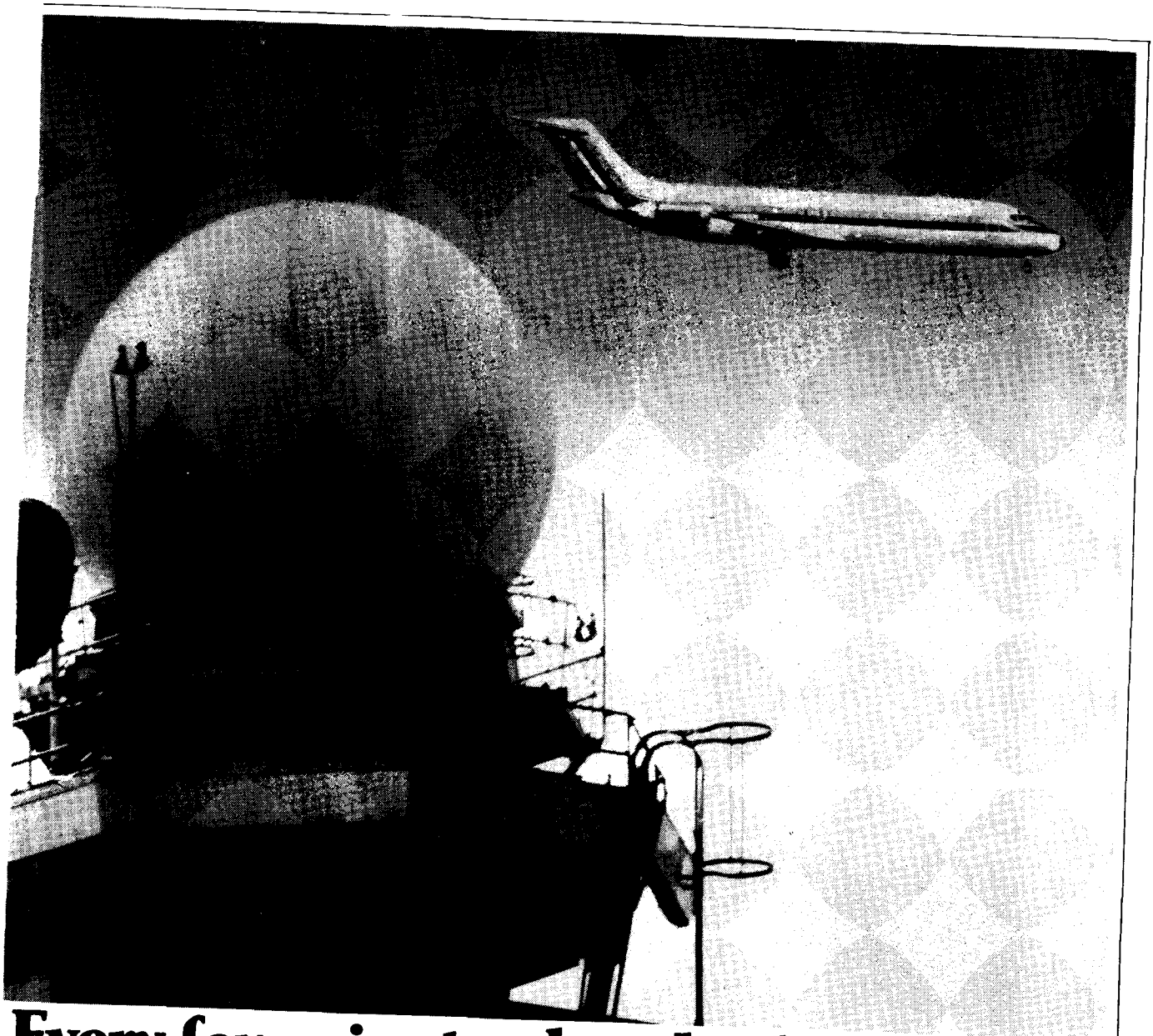

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Who's Infallible?

The article "I Leave the Episcopal Church" by D. Keith Mano [July 20] was flawed. I quote: "Papal Infallibility, for instance, is a doctrinal innovation: it dates from 1870." I don't know how this sentence got by a good editor. Vatican Council I, as you know, was suspended in the year 1870, and was revived again in Vatican II in 1962. In that first Vatican Council, as in all ecumenical councils, the bishops were present primarily to *testify about the tradition* of Catholic antiquity preserved in each See. They might be called upon to express opinions —about, for example, whether it was opportune, at that moment, to define the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff as an article of the Catholic faith. But in the first instance, they were expected not to contribute opinions, but to give testimony. Each bishop has received, from his predecessors in his own See, a Catholic tradition; that is why, when a bishop feels that his end is approaching, he calls his vicars together and makes a protestation of faith. The fathers of Vatican Council I, though many of them held the opinion that it was not a suitable moment for defining Papal Infallibility, all agreed that the infallibility of the Pope was part of the doctrine commonly received in their Sees. The bishops were *only putting* in precise language what was the common belief of Catholics. Just as in earlier *councils they put in precise language* such things as the nature of Christ, and that Mary was indeed the Mother of God.

F. Mark Hegener, OFM
Chicago, Ill.

True Believer

Regarding M. J. Sobran's "Priest Bites Bishop" [Aug. 31], I waded through many million-dollar words in an excellent article, but didn't find the one word that best describes what is going on in the Catholic Church, as well as in the various Protestant Churches, in our time—*apostasy*.

Apostasy was predicted throughout the New Testament. I can see it happening in the Episcopal parish I attend. Those who are "orthodox" are struggling against it, as they must, since the conflict is much more than a mere squabble over the

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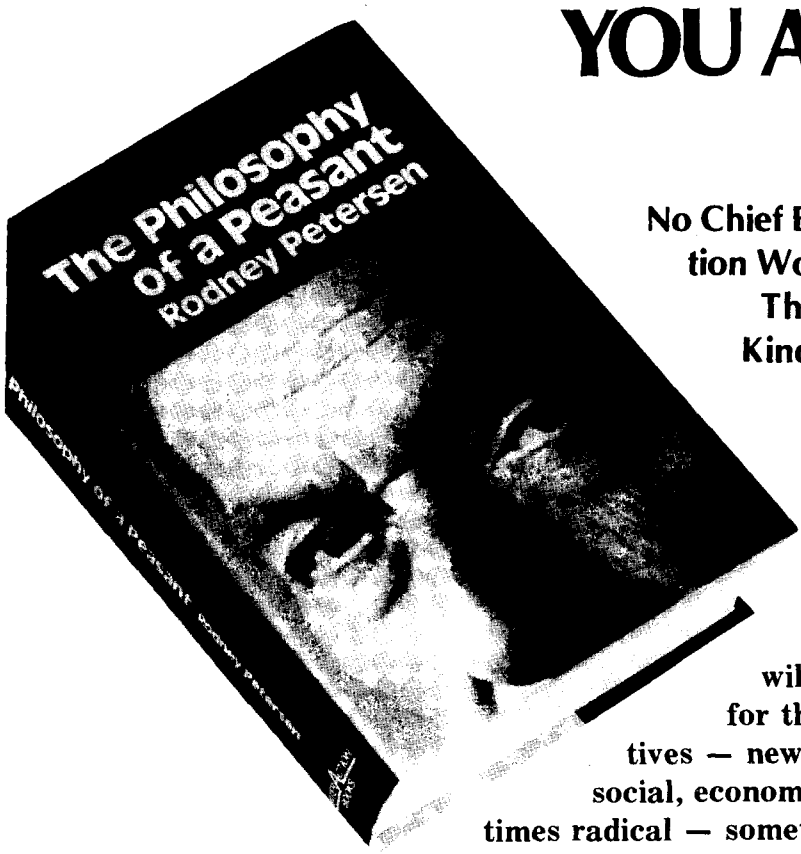

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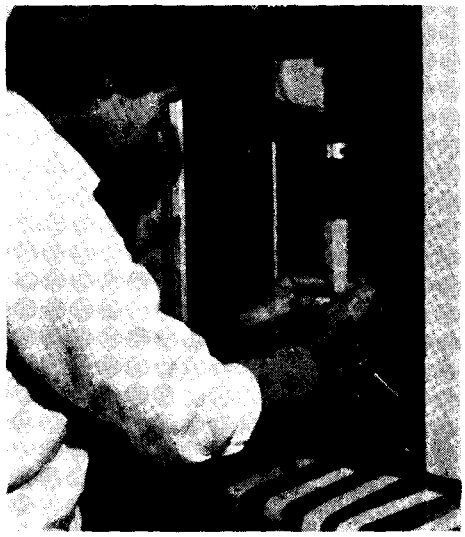

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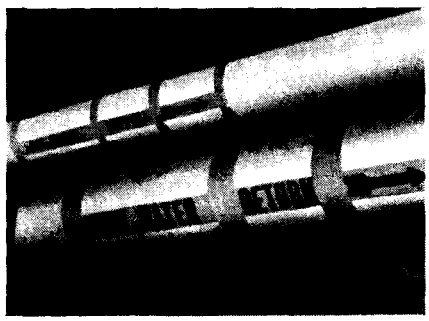

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"happening" that was Vatican II. The more profound struggle pits two irreconcilable forces against one another. They are the outward church which has prostituted itself to "Babylon" and the true church, made up of those who believe in Christ and follow Him.

L. B. Hall
New York, N.Y.

Erratum

In a last-minute production flurry, two errors crept into John Simon's column in the August 17 issue. The garbled sentence at the bottom of the first column on page 1049 should read: "Here, in a cutesy reversal, Dracula runs a stake through Van Helsing, who, however, without exactly becoming one of the undead, manages to impale his killer on a hook . . ." And the director of Breaking Away *is Peter Yates, not "Yeats."*

Chrysler's Nemesis

I was surprised to see even *NR* pick up the line that Chrysler's failures "stemmed from Washington," and that the company had been "regulated into failure" ["The Week," Aug. 31].

Chrysler's problems are more the result of UAW extortion than anything else. The average wage in the auto industry today, for about one million hourly workers, including benefits, is $14.50 per hour. That figure is more than double the national average for all manufacturing workers in all industries.

When you hear that this or that pollution device or mileage standard will add X hundred dollars to the price of every new car ["Billion-Dollar Bumpers," Sept. 14], you should remember that absurdly high wages and benefits have already added thousands to the price of every car.

Lawrence B. Hughes
Marshall, Mich.

With an Outstretched Arm

It may interest you to know that Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, wrote that a man who "leans on the mighty arm of the Republic, his own proper strength departs from him. He loses, in an extent proportional to the weakness or force of his original nature, the capability of self support." (Cf. "The Custom House," introduction to *The Scarlet Letter.*)

Such a comment anent Hawthorne's custom-house days in Boston and in Salem could be applicable to numerous government subsidies: viz., CETA, GPO, Conrail, *ad infinitum.*

Continued good fortune at NATIONAL REVIEW. *NR*'s still the best and the brightest of this country's investment in freedom—moral, economic, and philosophical.

David Hart
Lenox, Mass.

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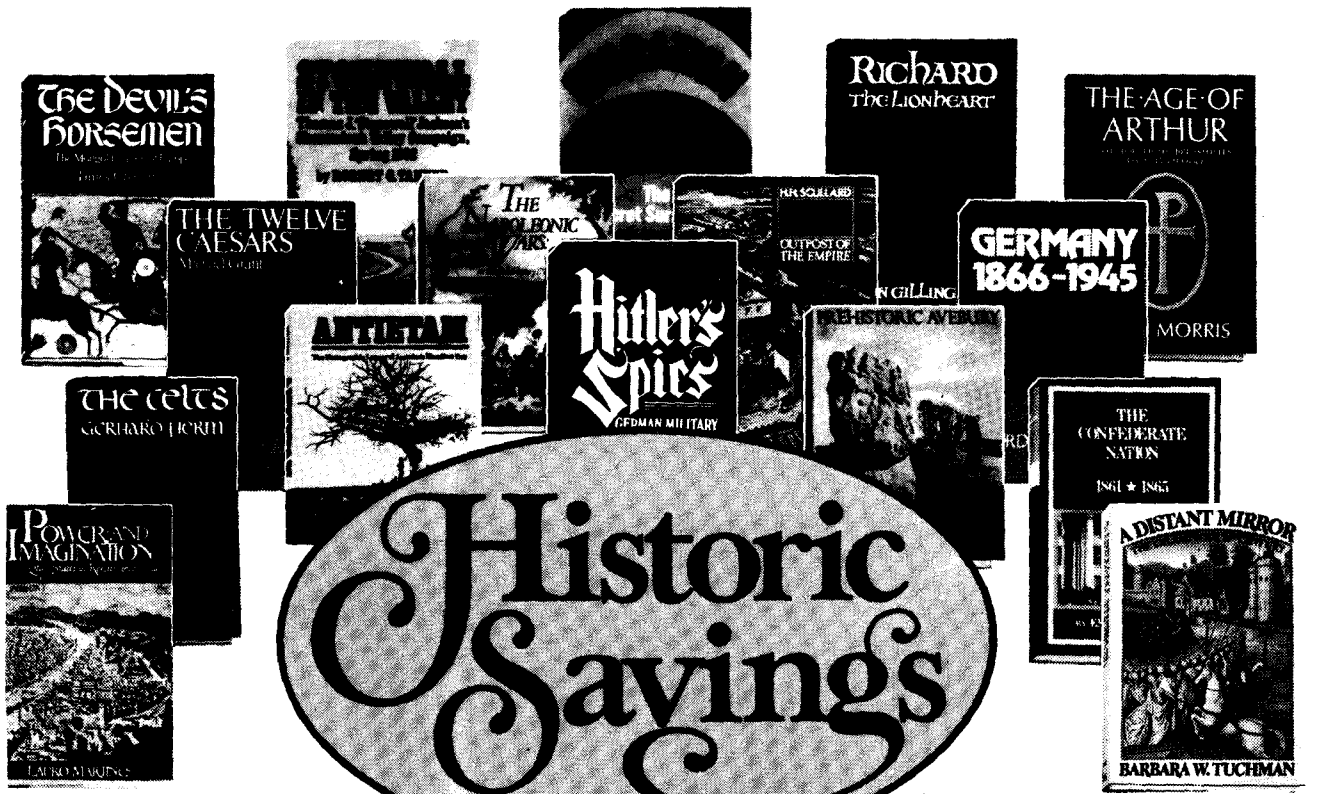

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's no surprise, but if and when **Kennedy** gets in the race he'll have organized labor behind him. That's how **Lane Kirkland**, heir presumptive to **George Meany**'s throne, sees it. But Kirkland doesn't think a Kennedy-**Carter** fight will split the Democratic Party. "How can you divide what scarcely exists?" he asks, and characterizes the party as "a gossamer thing." . . . **Tip O'Neill**, Speaker of the House, was hardly the trusted lieutenant when he said that if Teddy announces the entire New England congressional delegation will step in behind him. . . . *The New Republic*'s **TRB** is less sanguine that it's all over but the shouting. "Kennedy," he says, "is going to be tagged with Chappaquiddick, with Carter's and Congress' failures, with liberalism's lack of clear answers, and with the economic problems of the 1980s." . . . Our favorite of the draft-Kennedy groups, Oregon's "Ready for Teddy."

■ Just before he resigned, **Reagan** aide **Lyn Nofziger** was asked why Reagan was having trouble raising money at the moment. One reason is that Reagan is not a declared candidate, said Nofziger; a second, that he thinks "corporate America has simply decided that **John Connally** is a tougher and a bigger and a better candidate." . . . But is he a candidate for conservatives? Not according to Connally campaign manager **Eddie Mahe** who says of Connally that "he's not a conservative, a moderate, or a liberal, he's just a Republican." . . . What could hurt Connally in conservative and New Right circles is statement in article by **Cory SerVaas**, a Connally associate, in recent *Saturday Evening Post*. "As soon as he gets the nomination nailed down," says SerVaas, "Connally is going to move off the right toward the center of the political spectrum. And *he's going to do it so fast that it'll* make the speed of light seem dawdling." . . . In Washington, **Charles A. McManus Jr.**, formerly of the ACA, has formed a Draft **Haig** committee and has filed with the FEC. . . . In Hartford, **Richard Buzzuto**, minority leader in the Connecticut Senate, says he believes his primary opponent in the race for Sen. **Ribicoff**'s seat will be former Sen. **James L. Buckley**. **Kevin Phillips** reports that Sen. **Lowell Weicker**, the liberal Republican, is "already moving to block Buckley."

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"It's the new hostess outfit for the Pope's flight."

■ Those **Soviet troops** in Cuba may backfire. The House last week passed an amendment calling for restricting trade with the Soviet Union so long Russian combat troops remain Cuba. . . . In a second move, the Ho also voted to give the Defense Dep ment greater control over the exp of **computers** and other technologi goods to the USSR. . . . **Gerald Fo** who has loyally supported Carter most foreign policy initiatives, stung by statements that combat tro might have been infiltrated into C during his Administration. 'Taint so, says, and warns Carter that he better get them out. . . . Sen. **Jack** calls also for the removal of So MiG-23s. . . . And Gen. **John Singl** believes the Soviets also have nucl warheads in Cuba. . . . Intelliger analysts say the major buildup of **Cienfuegos Bay naval base** in C will facilitate Soviet submarine s veillance of U.S. Poseidon bases Charleston, S.C., and Kings Bay, G

■ It was a bad week for the ladi **Lyudmila Vlasova**, who chose slave returned to Moscow to find hers ostracized by other members of t Bolshoi Ballet who feel she sold to the authorities in order to gain b ter parts. . . . **Miss Lillian** says s means it, but she wishes she had said that "she hopes to goodness not ing happens to him [Teddy Kennedy if he decides to run. . . . And wome libbers, worldwide, are outraged **Susan Sontag** for writing in *Ms.* ma that she applauds the election of **Ma garet Thatcher** "despite the fact th my positions are hardly hers." Milita women's libbers are, to a man, liber

■ End of summer travel note: A si in front of **Saint Anthony**'s Church Mexico City warns: "Parking violato will be baptized."

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'HE WEEK

The debate rages: Did Ted announce, or was it just reliminary disunannouncement?

General Frank Church, hawk, wants those Russians of Cuba *now*. General Church is not to be confused h Senator Frank Church, who lately led the assault the CIA and in 1977 visited Cuba to worship at the ine of St. Fidel. General Church is presumably outed that the Soviets were beefing up their Cuban congent during Senator Church's frivolities. Since 1980 an election year, and since the American voter likes itary heroes, it looks as if General Church may rece Senator Church on the Democratic ticket in Idaho.

Chrysler, having a bad year, has gone to Washington, in hand, for a quick fix of $1 billion or so, for which principal argument seems to be that Chrysler's 4,000 domestic jobs must be "saved." Nowhere is it ntioned that those jobs have a price the average rysler worker pulls down about $15 an hour in pay l perks. Where is the justice in taxing all the people, ose average pay is around $7 an hour, to support the on top? . . . Other questions abound but they are sidiary: the burden of corporate taxes the costs of npliance with governmental directives, the insidious ct of industry-wide labor negotiations the relation ween inflation and the rise in imports, the effect of es and inflation on the ability to replace outmoded nt and equipment, the quality of management. But se are, at the moment, and in this case, beside the nt, until someone can explain why A earning $7, uld be taxed to help B, earning $15.

The primary isn't until February 26, but Jerry Brown s already begun campaigning in New Hampshire. /hen people heard he was coming," quipped the state's -Kennedy senator, John Durkin, "they asked if he s coming in a canoe and if he was bringing Linda nstadt with him." Negative, Senator. He didn't bring Fondas either. He just denounced nuclear energy d unemployment and stuff. He called for a governnt that puts "people ahead of profits, the domestic onomy ahead of multinationals, and puts peace ahead the cold war." He criticized military spending and aised Carter's "restraint" vis-à-vis Soviet troops in ba but said Carter shouldn't have halted reconnaisnce flights and called for balanced budgets and said " 'liberal' and 'conservative' [views] were not really inconsistent." Nobody in the state has yet figured out whether his futuristic politics transcends old categories or is just Jerry-built.

■ Not satisfied with imposing its racial policies on local public education (Join a School Bus, and See the World), Washington wants private schools under its thumb too. Enter the Internal Revenue Savage, which has asked for permission to discriminate against religious schools that discriminate by revoking their tax breaks. Senator Javits (Righteous, N.Y.) even conceded that schools in areas where there were few minorities would not be required to recruit them from outside the community (cancel the Dakota Hutterite office in Chicago). The Senate scuttled the whole mess by a vote of 47 to 43, for which, much thanks, none of which goes to Hamilton Jördan, who fought against the bill.

■ Getting the jump on its opposition, the Libertarian Party convened in Los Angeles to nominate Ed Clark and David Koch for its national ticket. Clark, a lawyer for Atlantic Richfield, ran for governor of California last year, and pulled nearly 380,000 votes. David Koch is a brother of Charles Koch, bank-roller of the Cato Institute, which pulls a million dollars a year ("Cato Institute and the Invisible Finger," Lawrence V. Cott, *NR*, June 8, 1979). The platform calls for a host of reforms, some congenial to conservatism (opposition to gun laws, welfare payments, rent control, and tariffs), some intellectually liberating (abolishing victimless crimes, leaving the control of pollution to "modified" laws on nuisance and negligence), some cuckoo (dismantling the FBI and CIA). Clark is said to see some need for a Pentagon, though his candidacy was supported by those in the party who do not. Murray Rothbard (billed as "Mr. Libertarian") spoke on "The Future of Liberty." May their just causes (which are also our causes) prosper, while we make sure there is a future.

■ Will El Salvador become Son of Nicaragua? To judge from the startling escalation of political violence, the answer is probably yes. Several dozen have been

The Russians Are Coming

Senator Church, who is normally found
Suing the hunter and petting the hound,
Cannot be beastly enough to the Reds,
Whom he finds, suddenly, under his beds.
Why, you may ask, does this liberal pol
Carry on just like a Goldwater doll?
That's because voters in Idaho think
Senator Church should be dumped in the drink.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

If we were the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, at forty strong, we would be staked out at the Bureau of the Census, watching every move sleeplessly, unblinkingly, between now and next summer. For as we approach the decennial nose-count, the potential for political tampering, always present, seems to have ripened into irresistible temptation.

Politicians have always found it difficult to keep their grabby hands off the census. Stuck with supervision of the first "enumeration," in 1790, Thomas Jefferson found the job a no-win proposition. Chasing around the countryside after a few million widely spaced and wary compatriots proved to be both politically corrosive and scientifically imprecise. Jefferson's boss, Mr. Washington, was not well pleased with the results, and tossed out the first political football: complaining about the census. That tradition has come down to us intact: every ten years, the political conversation rings with charges of undercounts, overcounts, and miscounts.

Over the past thirty years, however, the Bureau has become more or less professionalized. The inexorable march of bureaucracy. With the exception of demographer-activist Richard Scammon in the Sixties, the directors have been statistical technicians, politically inactive and even naïve. They have produced only the numbers, ma'am, and left their manipulation to interested parties outside the agency. Even those dry numbers, though, packed a mighty political wallop. They determined, among other things, the allocation of federal grants (more than $50 billion worth), the split of revenue-sharing programs among the states, and the distribution of congressional seats. They also triggered most of the social engineering programs conceived in the postwar period: social needs required "quantification," and only the Bureau could supply politically acceptable data. Not to dwell overlong on the obvious point, in a society where numbers reign, he who prepares the numbers is a political prince.

In 1976, you'll recall, we installed in the White House the father of civil service reform. Faced with the first opportunity since 1950 to conduct a Democratic count, however, the White House seized the opportunity to open the James Earl Carter Home for Political Hacks: the President exempted all 1980 Census Bureau jobs from civil service requirements, which is to say that he placed them all under White House patronage. Now, if that decision fails to raise a patch of gooseflesh, consider these numbers. The standing personnel force at the Bureau numbers about eight thousand, most of them aging New Dealish professionals. For the 1980 count, however, the Democrats will hire (for the most part on congressional referral) an additional 275,000 bodies. Most of these jobs will be short-term, low-paid field "enumerators"—the people who ring Bill Rickenbacker's doorbell when he fails to mail in his certified toilet-count. If you were running for national office, you can imagine how handy it would be for your local political allies to have first crack at the data—local "review," as it's demurely called—before those data were submitted to the computers in Washington. As the computer folks say, *garbage in, garbage out.*

More handy still would be the cadre of district and regional managers appointed to supervise the enumerators. This group receives high pay ($20,000-plus), access to politically sensitive data, continual contact with local D ocratic politicians, and appointm running into the summer of 198C has been suggested that these pe could move into a post-Conven presidential campaign without mis a beat. Who knows, they might e find time for a bit of volunteer w before their appointments run out.

These (and no doubt other) pc bilities seem to have occurred to Carter White House. The chief ' cruiter" for this 275,000-man patron army is one Michael Miller, a Wl House political aide and a former la union official. No naïve statistician, The professionals at the Bureau h been told to "clear it with Mike." A at the risk of redundancy, we must port that in three separate intervie in preparation for this column we into the name of our old friend, Patr Caddell. (One former Bureau emplo tells us that Caddell is the "single m influential policymaker at the Censu Memo to brother Safire: We need inforcements. Whaddaya say we fifty-fifty on a Pulitzer?)

The Republicans are beginning sense what's coming, but they dc know quite what to do about it. Brock, the GOP chairman, is fight a limited war, charging the Bure with inflating central-city numbers, better to protect vulnerable downto Democrats. (That is, if an urban c trict must be stretched out to the su urbs to accommodate population shi the incumbent congressman, invariat a Democrat, may become beatab Thus the Bureau's resolve not to "u dercount" minorities.) A broader c tique, conceptually framed and inte gently stated, is on the way from Io Congressman James Leach.

More help wanted. Apply here.

—CA

slain in recent weeks, including seven leftists—reportedly students—last weekend. Ten days ago, terrorists assassinated the brother of President Romero. There are at least three revolutionary groups of varying degrees of leftwardness, including the Marxist Popular Revolutionary Bloc, with some thirty thousand members, which on September 11 ended a two-and-a-half-week occupation of El Rosario Cathedral after displaying the coffin of one of the dead students in front of the church and after the government released an unnamed dissident. There is also some evidence of a link to the Sandinista movement Nicaragua. Unfortunately, the military regime is clums heavy-handed, and vulnerable to charges of corruptic and brutality. The president has promised elections und OAS supervision next year, but the momentum of tl revolt may overtake him. Demonstrations at the Cath dral proclaimed "No elections, long live insurrection The State Department has warned that El Salvador m be near "insurrectional violence. The central issue is n whether change is to occur but whether that change is

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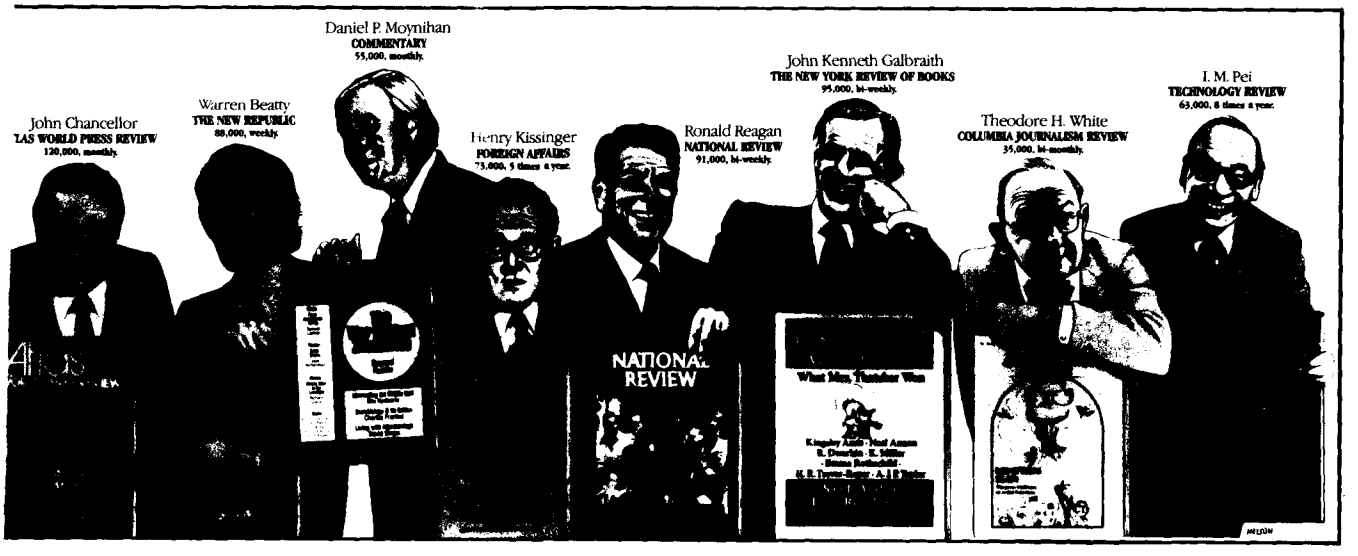
iolent and radical or peaceful and evolutionary and erving individual rights and democratic values." ing embarked on a new course of "welcoming the ls of change" (Mondale—Peking) in Nicaragua, and ng recommended to Congress $9 million in economic and military training for that country, there is little ihood that the Administration would undercut its new strategy by becoming committed to the regime :l Salvador. Is the domino process in Central America sistible? Honduras and Guatemala are better situated ı El Salvador, but the prospects are sobering.

\fter Mr. Carter came down from the mountain with monumental plan to produce a trickle of synfuel ıin ten years, it took the market all of two weeks to ance supply and demand and get rid of the gas lines. amazing the way the shortage disappeared when gasoreached a market-clearing price.

Francesco Cossiga was sworn in as Prime Minister of y the other day, the 54th Prime Minister since 1945 ır, by a different reckoning, the 154th, for the statisare fragmentary and not all polling places report to same government in any given election, although a ırn to political serenity seems possible now under Mr. siga's promise of a coalition between the Christian nocrats and the Communists, putting an end to the arent turbulence in political circles which has, nevertess, been of little consequence to *il popolo*, the tax-ers, and other vermin, who have always and with man dignity ignored the goings-on in official circles, rating on the perfectly reasoned premise that the insula should not be destroyed save by native labor at on wages, and why not? A few more infusions of political wisdom and Italy will be launching her own boatpeople onto the blue waters of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and what a lovely day that will be: the oceans billowing with gondolas, the *bel canto* of the happy pilgrims pealing high into the silent reaches of the watchful motionless soaring frigate bird! *Grazie, grazie.*

■ The Heritage Foundation's 1978 Annual Report makes happy reading. In the five years since its founding, Heritage's revenues have climbed from $250,000 to $2.7 million (48 per cent from individuals, 33 per cent from foundations, 17 per cent from corporations). Their new monthly newsletter, *National Security Record*, offers an increased emphasis on defense and foreign policy. They've started a series of scholarly lectures for members of Congress. They set up conferences between foreign dignitaries and American policymakers. Through a network of a thousand academic folk they sponsor research, writing, editorial briefings. Their weekly news analysis, *Heritage Foundation Forum*, goes to more than a thousand daily and weekly newspapers. With 120,000 members and such scholarly associates as Walter Williams, Kenneth Clarkson, Brian Crozier, Ernest van den Haag, Clay LaForce, David Meiselman, Thomas Sowell, Gordon Tullock, E. G. West, and many more, Heritage is firmly established as a thoughtful voice in the public discourse. For details write to Heritage Foundation at 513 C Street N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ Gary, Indiana police officer Darlene Wall, who is six months pregnant, is out walking a beat. She requested "light duty," but the department had to deny it because federal law requires that all police officers be treated equally regardless of sex. Under prior departmental



The thinking readers' favorite magazines, as advertised in The Leadership Network, which sells ad space at a discount to purchasers who take space in the package. The idea is the brainchild of *NR*'s Rob Sennott. You can reach 620,000 of the nation's top readers for peanuts. Among the 620,000 are the 90,000 top-top readers, who will finish reading this caption when we say . . . STOP.

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Jimmy on Cuba

About those troops the U-2 saw,
We musn't cackle, crow-like, CAW!
Nor must we mutter, "*Oy, gevalt*,"
With Begin, but get on with SALT.
It's true two years ago I stopped
The U-2 flights—then this thing popped.
But Third World people know I stand
For stretching out the helping hand.
As for defenses, we'll be fine.
The MX flies in '89.

W. H. VON DREELE

policy, Mrs. Wall was entitled to a leave of absence for the balance of her pregnancy.

■ If you think the economic news has been bad so far, just wait. President Carter has promised to "maintain a steady course" in economic policy.

■ Another first for American jurisprudence. The Wrather Corp. has successfully sued to make the Lone Ranger take off his mask. Never mind the details. Is this what the Founding Fathers had in mind?

■ Finally, the White House has taken action on streamlining federal aid programs. It has issued an 11-volume study on the subject.

That Combat Brigade

Be careful about this one. Red-blooded American feeling naturally rises over that Soviet combat brigade. Indeed it should. But this whole episode has several meanings.

At the primary level, it simply represents a projection of Soviet power—highly visible Soviet power—into a target area of opportunity, the Caribbean. The Soviet thrust of the 1960s has been crushed for the time being in South America, where the bones of Che Guevara symbolically lie bleaching. But the focus has now shifted to the mini-states and islands of the Caribbean and Central America. Stay tuned there.

At an important secondary level, notice the political symbolism. With that highly advertised combat brigade, the dying Brezhnev aims to recoup Khrushchev's 1962 missile-crisis humiliation. He has in a profligate way inserted visible Soviet power into the American sphere of influence, so-called. He brazenly dared a crippled President Carter to do something about it. The Soviet move also coincided with Castro's public declaration of satellization at the conference of "nonaligned" nations.

Watch out, however, for domestic reverse English. ' SALT II treaty is now before the Senate, and the So combat brigade has stalled it. Linkage has reappea But the linkage formula is complicated. If the So brigade represents a pretext for such newly hawl senators as Frank Church to stall SALT II, then its ' gotiated" removal will, psychologically, represent a r son for voting *for* SALT II. The Soviets may have in mind to play the U.S. Senate like a piccolo, oster tiously removing the brigade, having ostentatiously serted it, in order to make a "peaceful" SALT gestu

At each of these levels, the Soviet Union is playin tough political game. There is no sign of compara toughness from the other side of the chess board.

Kennedy's Impressive Tactics

Ted Kennedy is now swimming expertly with a politi rip-tide. A genuine swell of opinion at every level a pears to be carrying him toward the nomination, even Jimmy Carter sinks beneath the waves. For mont every poll has indicated the existence of this politi phenomenon, and as Labor Day came and went ma stream Democrats of every hue—Jackson, Udall, Moy han, Carey, Cranston, even Tip O'Neill—began putt distance between themselves and the sinking Preside The Northeast, scene of early and often decisive p maries, appears to be Kennedy territory, as temperatu drop and heating-oil costs rise.

Kennedy has navigated these powerful currents w impressive political skill. Recognizing that his strate imperative requires that he not be perceived as a "wrec er," a party-splitter, Kennedy has allowed his support mobilize with only discreet encouragement. He h inched toward open candidacy, always lagging far behi his growing support in the party. If this strategy wor —and it appears to be immensely successful—Kenne will in the end unify his party rather than divide it, un it behind his own candidacy. He will have simply r placed Carter and become the overwhelming choice the Democrats.

Kennedy's strategy has the added advantage of copi with his residual Chappaquiddick problem. He has n to outward appearances, sought the nomination. If t Democrats collectively "force" the nomination on hi they themselves will have in effect discounted Chapp quiddick.

As Kennedy moves toward the nomination and loo to the general election, he will necessarily shift towa the political Center. He will stress things like deregul tion, a position he can legitimately claim as his own, well as the idea of a North American Common Marke The question at that stage will concern Kennedy's actu political identity. When not under the pressure of forr ing a national coalition, Kennedy has stood for bigg

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d more paternalistic government, for reverse discrimination, busing, unrestricted abortion, ERA, inflation, ing taxation, you name it. He is not on the popular le of the key issues. Abroad, as the skies to the East idly darken, as an international crisis surely impends ring the 1980s, Kennedy has stood for diminished S. defense effort and for accommodation with tyranny road.

Kennedy's current standing in his party and in the lls has two main sources. Politically, he is moving to l the almost total political vacuum left by Carter. In at perspective, his potency will almost certainly decline hen and if he becomes an actual and open contender. ith Carter swept off the board, attention will focus on e substance of Kennedy.

But, in a media age, Kennedy is a star. He radiates nfidence, and he looks like a leader. These are not ean assets. Historically, Kennedy is a familiar enough pe: Thrasymachus, Alcibiades, Mark Antony, Cesare orgia, Georges Boulanger.

Kennedy can be beaten in a general election. His curnt emergence probably redounds to the benefit of John nnally among Republican candidates, but any Republan candidate will have his work cut out for him. If ennedy is not stopped in November 1980, order your ckets early for Apocalypse Now.

Neutral Is Left

eorge Orwell would have loved it in Havana last week. ut wait. The Havana Conference of Nonaligned Nations, coinciding as it did with the revelation of a three-housand-man Soviet brigade headquartered in Cuba, irrors what has happened to what Lenin called "the orrelation of forces." No one in Havana questioned hether the presence of a permanently based Soviet fighting force in Cuba was consistent with the latter's leadership of the "nonaligned" nations.

Equally interesting is what is happening within the lonaligned Nations, swollen from the original 25 members—when Tito, Nehru, Nasser, and Sukarno launched —to a sidewalk crowd of 97. Where are they headed? he possibilities—outright capture by Moscow (possile); an internal purge of Moscow sycophants (unlikely); walkout by moderates (possible); a slow lapse into relevance (unlikely). At Havana, the extremists—uba, Ethiopia, Vietnam, etc.—tried to force the group nto tacit alignment with the USSR; left is more nonligned than neutral. The moderates made their point, hen they could get the floor, but they spoke moderately nd did not effectively offset Castro.

The resolutions lack binding force but the U.S. should ot "ho-hum" the process. Something is going to have o give in this unwieldy organization. Burma, bordering n China, could be the bellwether. The Foreign Minister of Burma—the original, double-dyed, certified neutral—threatened that his country might withdraw, "if there is no re-affirmation of the principles of the movement, which are not merely dim but are dying." When the change comes, the U.S. should be prepared to benefit from it. This does not mean toadying. We need to rebuild respect and awe of America's determination, courage, and strength. The nonaligned can smell that just as quickly as they have smelled our fear.

Backing and Filling in Brussels

Henry Kissinger entered the SALT debate a few weeks ago with eloquent Senate testimony, calling for a re-evaluation of American strategy and laying down, as guidelines for that strategy, conditions for the passing of SALT.

His Brussels bombshell of a fortnight ago was both an extension and a repudiation of those guidelines. Kissinger told a conference of Western military experts that America's nuclear umbrella might be full of holes: "Europeans [should not] keep asking us to multiply assurances we cannot possibly mean and that if we do mean, should not want to execute, and which if we execute, would destroy our civilization." Kissinger was suggesting, in other words, that the strategy of "mutual assured destruction"—a standoff enforced by nuclear swords hanging over the cities of each superpower—was unrealistic. Would Washington really sacrifice New York in order to save Hamburg? The answer, Kissinger warned, is no.

At the same time, however, he failed to suggest that there was any chance that the United States would replace this worn-out strategy with something better—something along the lines of the military "counterforce capability" Kissinger now advocates.

Two days later, Kissinger covered the tracks he had made covering his tracks by adding that the situation will not become critical "for another three or four years."

Kissinger is no longer dealing with North Vietnam, the State Department, or the Harvard faculty—he can afford to be straightforward. We may have guns in five years—so long as Kissinger sticks to his own.

The PLO Card

The Andrew Young affair has precipitated a sudden and unexpected rift between Jews and blacks, but what it signifies is something less—or at least other—than meets the eye. Black leaders are making lots of noises about the PLO, and even the staid NAACP is getting into the act. Pardon our skepticism, but it is hard to take this new globalism seriously. The NAACP and

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black lobbies generally have few international ties and interests, and black Americans generally have even fewer. What it looks like is a thrust at the Jewish lobby.

No doubt black-Jewish tensions run deep. Jews have long dominated the civil rights alliance with brains and money, and the Israeli lobby has more to show for its pains than the black lobby. Attacking the Jews and taking the part of the PLO is more than a black "declaration of independence": it is a threat to secede from the traditional alliance. The implausible PLO connection is a way of forcing Middle East policy to be made with reference to blacks: whoso gives to the Jews must hereafter give something to the blacks too, or face displays of umbrage. In a curious and artificial way, the blacks are establishing a kind of linkage between Jewish and black fortunes. Given the stagnation of the civil rights movement lately, it is a shrewd ploy. After initial hot reactions, Jewish leaders have been very conciliatory to blacks, willing to compromise on affirmative action in exchange for compromise on the Palestinian issue the blacks have in effect "adopted." For the first time, blacks are setting the terms of the alliance.

Meanwhile, some immediate political consequences. Most Jews have never trusted Carter, and many blacks and Jews are mad at him. He was through anyway, but Young's fall has sealed his fate. That leaves Teddy, at whom nobody is mad save maybe Providence and the Founding Fathers. It is hard to imagine either blacks or Jews refusing to come home to the Democratic Party if he is nominated. The party can't afford to lose or to be dominated by either group, and Teddy is big enough to appeal to both, too big to be pushed around by either. His nomination looks more and more like a political necessity.

Bye-Bye Keynesian Econometrics

Twenty-eight months ago Paul Craig Roberts stunned the econometric and public-policy folk by laying bare the Keynesian biases of the econometric models used to determine public policy. Mr. Roberts' article, which appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW ("Econometrics and Politics," May 13, 1977), was an overnight sensation, and produced denials from the Congressional Budget Office, OMB, the U.S. Treasury, the proprietor of the DRI model, and various and sundry big-spending politicians.

But Roberts had hit the nail on the head, and the truth was driven home. In its Midyear Report on the Economy released last month, the prestigious Joint Economic Committee of Congress said: "Like other large-scale econometric models, the current DRI model is ill-equipped to handle the complex set of relationships that determine the supply side of the economy. As a consequence, we cannot use the model to generate a growth path for our potential GNP. We must, therefore, look outside the model for guidance in making a realistic a sessment of our potential GNP prospects for the deca ahead." The *Wall Street Journal* editorialized that M chael Evans of Chase Econometrics and Otto Eckste of DRI, who sold their interest in the models (just b fore the publication of the JEC report) to the Cha Manhattan Bank and McGraw-Hill respectively, h unloaded their defunct Keynesian models just in tin

This time around, the denials of the models' sho comings were fewer and more feeble. Otto Eckstein pr tested in a letter to the *Wall Street Journal* (August 27 prompting a response from Michael Evans, now Evans Economics, three days later. The DRI mode says Evans, "does not contain any true supply-side e fects." Nor for that matter do "any of the large-sca econometric models." It is for this reason, says Evan "that the Senate Finance Committee asked me to d velop a supply-side model, one that would permit a unbiased estimate of the effects of tax rates on produc tivity and incentives." With the Joint Economic Com mittee, the Senate Finance Committee, and Micha Evans all acknowledging reality, the Keynesian model enshrined in the Congressional Budget Office's com puters are finished.

The Soviet-American Press

This is, as Wendell Willkie observed, One World. It components shape each other inexorably. Since Worl War II the West has been shaped by its responses to th Soviet Union, which has become an increasingly aggres sive shaper.

The Western press prides itself on its freedom an is intensely sensitive to any government bumps at home How disgraceful, then, its docility at the Moscow Boo Fair, where Soviet authorities confiscated 44 America books and refused to issue a visa to the president o Random House. Among those seized were books b Orwell and Solzhenitsyn. How brazen, yet how natural The only decent response would have been withdrawa from the affair. Instead the publishers issued mild pro tests, and continued their participation on Soviet terms

Those terms were explained firmly by Boris Stukalin chairman of the State Committee for Publishing Houses Printing Plants, and the Book Trade, as well as a ful member of the Communist Party Central Committee: "This is the highest affirmation of freedom of speech since freedom to propagandize fascism is the kind o freedom that all honest people in our country and in all countries must oppose." Orwell would have understood perfectly. Do his publishers read him?

We have now established that Soviet power extends even to segments of the proudly independent American press. Apparently the American principles of freedom are valid only at home. It is not as if these incidents were unforeseeable: in 1977, at a similar event, Soviet authorities seized eight books. If those who chose to

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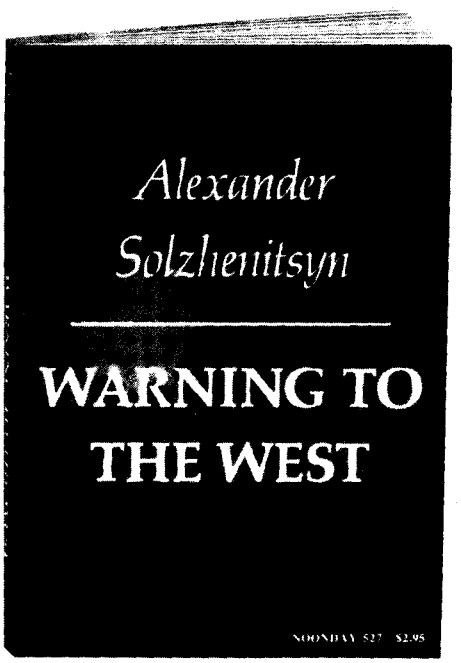

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— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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If you're already a Solzhenitsyn fan you'll welcome this addition to his available works. If you are not *yet* acquainted with this truly great man then there is no better way to find out why he *is* the man for our time than in this moving tribute to human freedom.

"Warning to the West" is a concise primer of Solzhenitsyn's thoughts on the Soviet threat and the moral decay of the West. It includes the complete texts of his major speeches in this country, as well as the whole of the famous BBC interview that so startled Britain that even Bernard Levin of The London Times was moved to write with unaccustomed fervor: ". . . by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush . . . the human longing for freedom." And in this country, Bill Buckley was so impressed, he devoted his *Firing Line* TV show to re-running the entire interview for the benefit of American audiences.

In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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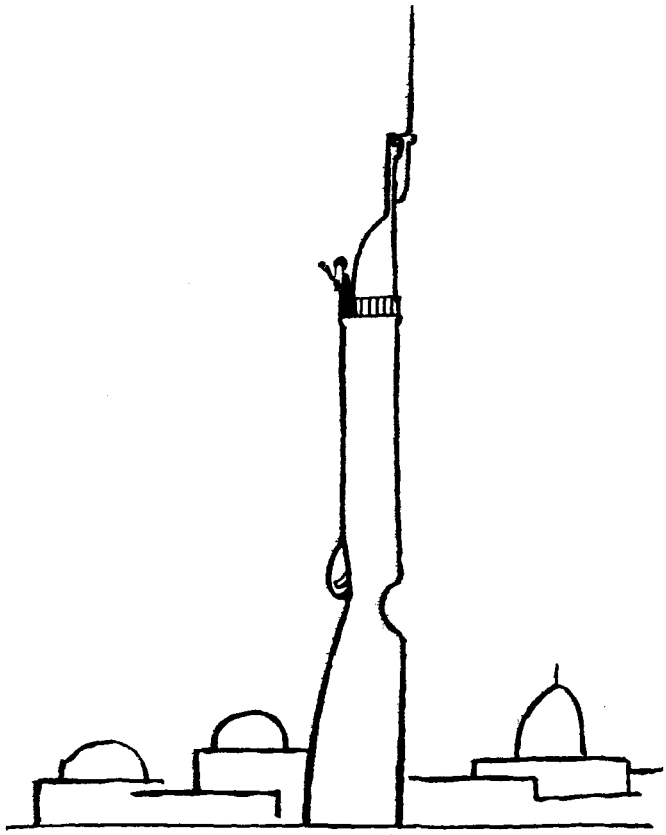

Joke, *De Nieuwe Gazet* Rothco

participate again had had any real principles, they would have been prepared for this. But they made no serious response. For all their lofty talk about exchanges of ideas, they are actually engaged in a grubby form of trade—selling rope.

Meanwhile the 1980 Olympics impend, and Vladimir Bukovsky, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, reports that the Soviets are beefing up "security" measures. Native Muscovites will be all but excluded from attendance. The KGB is training thousands of young "guides" to report on the activities of visitors. The visitors themselves will be carefully screened: instead of the originally projected two million, only 300,000 will be admitted. Representatives of "unfriendly" media like Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe will be shut out; coverage will be supplied by NBC. Contact with ordinary Soviet "citizens" will be kept at a minimum.

"If you still decide to go or participate in the games," writes Bukovsky, "remember that some of the Olympic souvenirs you buy are made by prisoners in Soviet labor camps." Perhaps—think of it—by Anatoly Shcharansky.

The Curtain Rises

The main thing to emerge from the first two meetings of the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia conference in London was that Britain has its work cut out for it, if it is to resolve this conflict which, since 1965, has rivaled the Arab-Israeli deadlock in intractability. A few suggestive but inconclusiv clues appeared.

1. The most significant issue is the order in which th conference will take up the constitution and the transfer c power. Britain is pressing for agreement on the consti tutional structure before discussing an operational trans fer. This suits the black-white government in powe in Salisbury, and Prime Minister Muzorewa has de manded to know what constitutional changes are envis aged. It does not suit the Patriotic Front team of Rober Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, whose forces are in th bush and want to reverse that order, since they are in terested in power first, talk later. Demurring to Lorc Carrington's call to discuss the constitution, Nkomc raised a series of questions regarding transitional arrange ments and security control. Perhaps a compromise can be reached whereby subcommittees can work simultane ously on both issues.

2. The depth of the gulf between the Patriotic Fron and the Salisbury regime was revealed by Mugabe's an Nkomo's refusal to meet Muzorewa at Lord Carrington's reception. "It's like asking the IRA murderers of Lorc Mountbatten to attend a dinner given by Lord Carrington," said one Patriotic Front member without clarifyin whether he identified with Britain or the IRA.

3. A small glimpse into the different styles of Muga be and Nkomo was afforded when the former, unsupported by the latter, held up the proceedings for twc hours while claiming the right to sit opposite the British rather than to one side. Mugabe argues the Front deals only with Britain and he resents the fact that Muzorewa faces the British.

While the talks go on, the U.S. Administration gains a respite from congressional pressure on the embargo; but the clock is ticking toward November, when the British Parliament will have to grasp this particular African nettle.

Dammed Snail Darters

Following the House of Representatives, the Senate has voted to authorize the completion of the Tellico Dam, best known for the threat it poses to the snail darter.

The conservative critique of fundamentalist environmentalism has always been a matter of degree—an insistence that in the rush to save endangered species, the welfare of the human species not be scanted. The Tellico Dam, before Congress voted to resurrect it, seemed like a perfect symbol of conservation run amok—a dam halted by a three-inch-long, inedible perch. Yet as always there are distinctions. The general case that even snail darters may prove practically useful has been made in these pages ("Three Cheers for the Snail Darter," September 14). The economic trade-off offered by the

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ım may also be dubious (16,000 acres of farmland will ıve to be flooded); and, as with every water project um, the public picks up the tab.

To balance these conflicting claims, Congress modified e Environmental Protection Act in 1977 to establish Cabinet-level reviewing process. The reviewers gave a ıling against the dam, which Congress has now overıled—which may be the worst effect of the entire conoversy. "Congress simply cannot second-guess every ction of people it has empowered to carry out its polies," says former Senator Buckley. "It has gone back to ork-barrel legislation, rather than making public poly." No doubt because there are always more goodies to ivvy up around the pork barrel.

Tennis Fever

heologians have long and nervously suspected that the ue American religion may be sports, displacing such ovious rivals as the movies, education, money, and sex. his was a point brilliantly investigated by *NR*'s new olumnist Michael Novak in a recent book called *The oy of Sports*. With this thought in one corner of our ind, *NR* visited the U.S. Open tennis tournament at lushing Meadow. It was a remarkable event, totally ominated, incidentally, by the United States.

In its first phase, culminating in its "golden era" durıg the Twenties and early Thirties, tennis was an aristoratic sport. Its contests took place at such decorous ocales as Wimbledon, Monte Carlo, Newport, Longvood, and Southampton. By no means were all the playrs wealthy and well-born, but they adopted the mode. hey also tended to be gorgeous individualists with utrly distinctive personal and athletic styles: Tilden, Richrds, Johnson, Williams, Lacoste.

Around 1936, tennis became middle-class in style. he Crash had ended the aristocratic era. Mass tennis rograms, established first in Southern California and ıter in Australia, revolutionized the game. Talent poured ff the public courts, and we had a line of great but also fficient champions who played rather similar games: serve, volley, play the percentage. During the same period, the U.S. won a middle-class, assembly-line war and established a transitory world-political dominance.

The epitome of the middle-class era in tennis, Jack Kramer, who may have been the best player of all time, brought that era to an end. He ushered in tennis professionalism, Big Money. The very success of the middle-class era marked its downfall. During the 1960s, Big Money hit tennis, and it transformed the game once again.

Today's tennis, stylistically, reflects an affluent proletariat. The champions are like rock stars. Borg, Nastase, Connors, and Gerulaitis are millionaires and look as if they should form a group called the Grateful Submarine. U.S. Open champion John McEnroe, multiply cloned, would constitute their adolescent audience. White tennis clothes have given way to a splash of color. The Flushing Meadow complex arose on a dump—the ashheap of *Gatsby*, in fact—arose like an exhalation informed by pure cash. The male players wear jewelry, the crowd smokes grass and has little respect for the officials, and the new stadium itself is, appropriately enough, named after a musician who had little to do with tennis, Louis Armstrong. The women's champion is 16, and anything is possible.

The U.S. Open was a brilliant event, entirely lacking in tradition, entirely lacking in charm. Never before had there been so much tennis talent assembled in one place.

Gardening News

The Susan B. Anthony dollar
  Is wilting away on the vine.
They've watered and weeded and sprayed it;
  Still, Susan refuses to twine.
The trellis was recently painted
  By bureaucrats down at the mint.
But folks demand Washington dollars
  In language too naughty to print.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

In your obituary of Cardinal Wright in the current *NR*, you note his failure to work on the wretched scripture translation now in use. You and he agreed that the use of "happy" instead of "blessed" was particularly offensive, that the halt and the blind are blessed, not happy.

Mr. Buckley, in that special quote I dare to say that Cardinal Wright and you are speaking from your hearts not your heads. You may speak from ignorance, and that is why I write.

In his forties, my Luckett grandfather became totally blind, and when I was 12 I came to a halt when polio caught me, and left permanent paralysis, and I am much more sure that I am happy than that I am blessed. As far as I know, no one ever saw any special degree of unhappiness in my grandfather. When I knew him in later life, he was evidently enjoying life. I'm glad you haven't experienced blindness or paralysis, and sorry that you were unaware that intense happiness thrives alongside disability. You have taken note of the freedom of

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spirit some prisoners have found *inside* the Gulag, an extraordinarily unlikely place. The same paradox takes place in people whose lives are severely restricted by handicaps and those who live without the usual sensory satisfactions.

Your Cardinal Wright and the character played by Tom Conti in *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?* both make the same hasty mistake. I've been a quadriplegic for thirty (!) years and love being alive nonetheless. Should I ever lose my sight, I hope I would be wise enough to remember that the degree of happiness depends not on seeing, but on loving and being loved, and I've been superabundantly happy when doing both.

Love,
Money Luckett
227 Clark St.
Clarksdale, Miss.

■ Dear Bill,

I was fascinated to read today the column in which you reported your "feeling" that the Lord smiled on Andrew Young.

I have no way at all of disputing this. In fact my assumption is, knowing you, that you would not report a "feeling" without some pretty solid material to go on.

Could we send a reporter to see you to find out how God feels about a number of other things? For instance, does He smile on our Westchester Weekly? This would be very important for our marketing people to know.

We have a number of other important questions to put to God about people and products He favors. Please let me know when all this can be arranged.

Sincerely,
Abe [Rosenthal]
Executive Editor
The New York Times

Dear Abe:

I have a feeling the Lord will take care of the *New York Times* on the eighth day. If in the meantime He weighs in more specifically, I shall pass along the information, always provided that what the Lord believes is fit to print. Yours cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Olson,

I am enclosing a letter addressed and sent to Mr. Buckley, although the salutation was to me.

This is my question: were you offering Mr. Buckley or me a Five Star Credit Card? If you offered it to Mr. Buckley, I am deeply hurt, because I feel that I rate the same Five Star credit as he does.

Is Hertz discriminating in favor of conservative columnists?

I assure you that we liberals pay our bills just as fast —even faster than the conservatives. Also, liberals need the 30 per cent far more than conservatives. It's true that I don't have a private aircraft, so you don't have to send a car to meet it. But I certainly would like your special unlisted toll-free number, as it would give m great status in the newspaper world.

I am certain that Mr. Buckley was very embarrasse to see that the letter was addressed to me. He doesn want anybody to know that he gets 30 per cent off Hertz. The only other thing I could guess is that Her is trying to make trouble between me and Mr. Buckle You can't do it! Yale men always stick together.

Cheer
Art Buchwal
1750 Pennsylvania Ave
Washington, D.C

Gurbutt Roth

"I'm surprised more people don't take up dancing to g away from it all!"

■ Dear Bill:

I write to tell you of a conversation I had yesterda morning on the ferry from Vineyard Haven to som place on the mainland in the general vicinity of Fal mouth. It was as follows:

A man in plaid pants: "Did you know, Professor, tha your friend William Buckley got stuck last night i Menemsha Channel? He was too far over to the side."

JKG: "It doesn't surprise me."

Plaid Pants: "What do you mean? I don't understand."

JKG: "William Buckley rarely gets anything right."

Plaid Pants: "I think that comment is unnecessary— and unkind."

My regards
Ker
[John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University

Dear Ken: Channel markers are not maintained by the private sector. Cordially, Bil

—WFI

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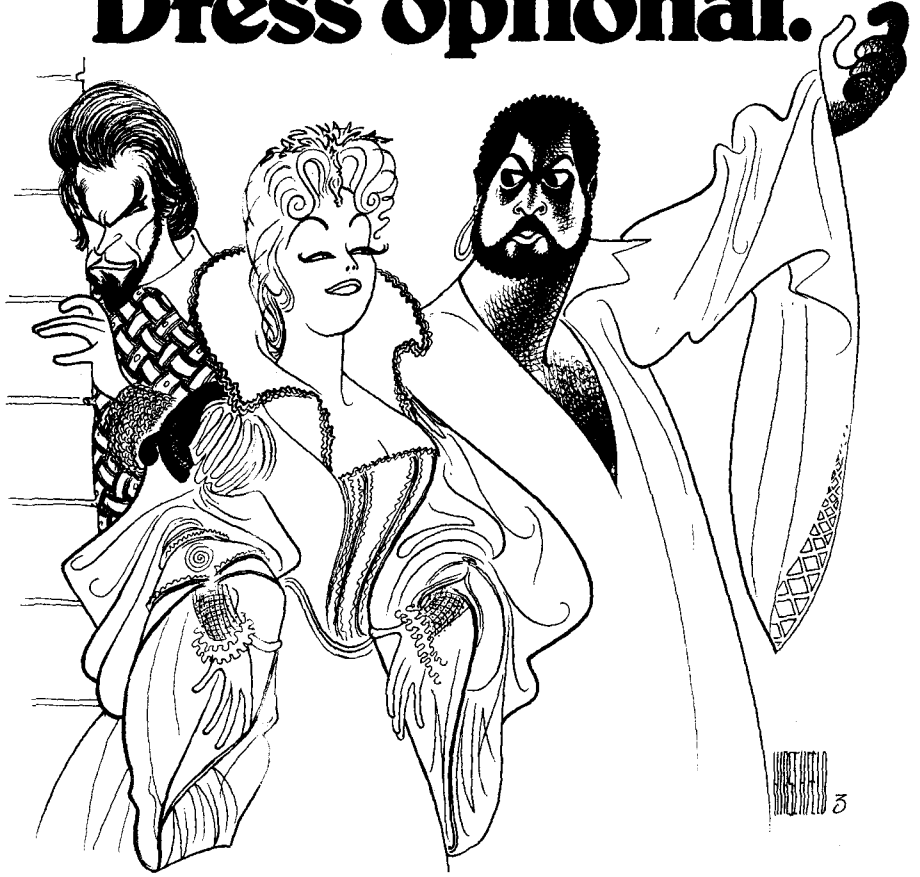

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Talks with Terrorists

The Protracted Confli

BRIAN CROZI

WHAT DOES one *do* with terrorists? This question is prompted by the impending enjoyment of the hospitality of Her Majesty's Government by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. It goes without saying that neither leader of the Zimbabwe Patriotic Front runs the slightest risk of arrest while in England (unless they so far forget themselves as to bomb whatever hotel room is occupied by Ian Smith, say). It is, incidentally, ironic that Lord Carrington, as Foreign Secretary, had to sign an Order in Council granting temporary immunity from arrest to the same Mr. Smith, as a rebel against the Crown. He might, otherwise, have found himself losing his liberty under a "citizen's arrest" organized by one of our left-wing Members of Parliament. No such Order in Council was required by either Nkomo or Mugabe.

The question is serious. Ten years ago, in a street of São Paulo, Carlos Marighella (the original "urban guerrilla") met his death by gunfire in a police ambush. That is one way of dealing with terrorists, and the advantages of a dead terrorist are not negligible. A dead terrorist can no longer terrorize. He does not need to be brought to trial, and the attendant publicity, so useful to terrorist groups, is avoided. Moreover, a dead terrorist cannot serve as a rallying point for his comrades, nor be sprung from jail. Then again, a terrorist killed in action does not revive the eternal debate about the death penalty, or specifically about its appropriateness for those guilty of "political" crimes. For that matter, a dead terrorist cannot commit suicide, as did Ulrike Meinhof, and the authorities are thus spared the embarrassment of a) explaining how firearms found their way into a high-security prison, and b) convincing the public that it really was a suicide.

From Myth to Legend

It must be conceded that there can be disadvantages as well (or advantages, from the standpoint of the terrorist group). The late Ernesto "Che" Guevara became of far greater value to the cause he thought he was serving when he lost his life in the Bolivian Andes. The miserable little band of self-appointed liberators he had led had failed utterly to persuade the Indians of the *altiplano* (whose Quechua tongue none of the interlopers could speak) that they should rise against their capitalist oppressors and set up a *foco* of armed resistance.

He was saved from the ignominy of evident failure by his violent death. Already, he was a myth. He now became a legend, and the rebellious students of 1968 mindlessly shouted his name, along with that of an older revolutionary, Ho Chi Minh.

On the record, the British, and even the French, have tended in the end to negotiate with their terrorists, and it is worth looking at what this involves, and the rationale behind it.

All terrorist movements are about who does what and to whom; in other words, about who exercises power. In advanced societies terrorists seek to prove, by disrupting public order, that the authorities are unable to maintain it. The inference we are supposed to draw is that society should have the decency to collapse, and those exercising power should move over and make way for the terrorists. When the authorities fail to oblige, the terrorists tend to abandon serious political aims, but not terrorism itself, which becomes a way of life.

In colonial or ex-colonial situations, terrorism has nothing to do with "national liberation" but a great deal to do with who takes over when the white man leaves. Insurgencies of this kind are simply wars of succession. What bothers Nkomo/Mugabe is not the Rhodesian internal settlement so much as the fact that in free elections neither would have a chance of defeating Bishop Muzorewa. They want power, and if either of them ever gets it, the other had better watch out.

In Northern Ireland, a certain amount of *mutatis mutandis* has to be attempted. Ulster is not exactly a colony, but it had colonial trappings all the same, with political power, comparative wealth, and the best jobs and houses in the hands of the descendants of Protestant colonial settlers from Scotland and England.

The British have never actually *gotiated* with the Irish terrorists, though they came close to it under Heath administration. But neither h they annihilated them. Instead, t have dithered, interning without tr then dropping that tactic, and in end (except that the end has not b reached) half conceding the terror claim of political status. Perhaps murder of Mountbatten will change that.

Elsewhere, after prolonged and c ly attempts to defeat terrorists c stitutionally, the British have usu negotiated. They negotiated with Ar bishop Makarios of Cyprus (who mittedly didn't shoot people hims but he never dissociated himself fr Grivas, who did). They handed o Kenya to Jomo Kenyatta, who l been convicted of "managing" the M Mau terrorists. In Malaya, howe they were bright enough to find m erate leaders as a valid alternative the terrorism of Chin Peng.

No to the PI

Now for the rationale. You negoti with terrorists when you are tired fighting them or find the effort too c ly (which comes to the same thin To negotiate with terrorists thus i plies a readiness to surrender to the and the object of negotiating, rat than simply handing power over w or without ceremony, is to prese something of threatened privileges interests. The Israelis rightly see t there is no point in negotiating w the PLO, as they have no intention giving the PLO what it wants and ha not tired of fighting it.

What of Rhodesia? The weakness the UK position is that, unlike in M laya, Kenya, Cyprus, or Ulster, t British do not wield effective pow there, and have not done so since 196 But they have never conceded de ju power to any of the contending grou and the privileges and interests th have been preparing to negotiate abo are mostly other people's.

This makes the London conferen concerning the constitutional future the territory named after Cecil Rhod unique.

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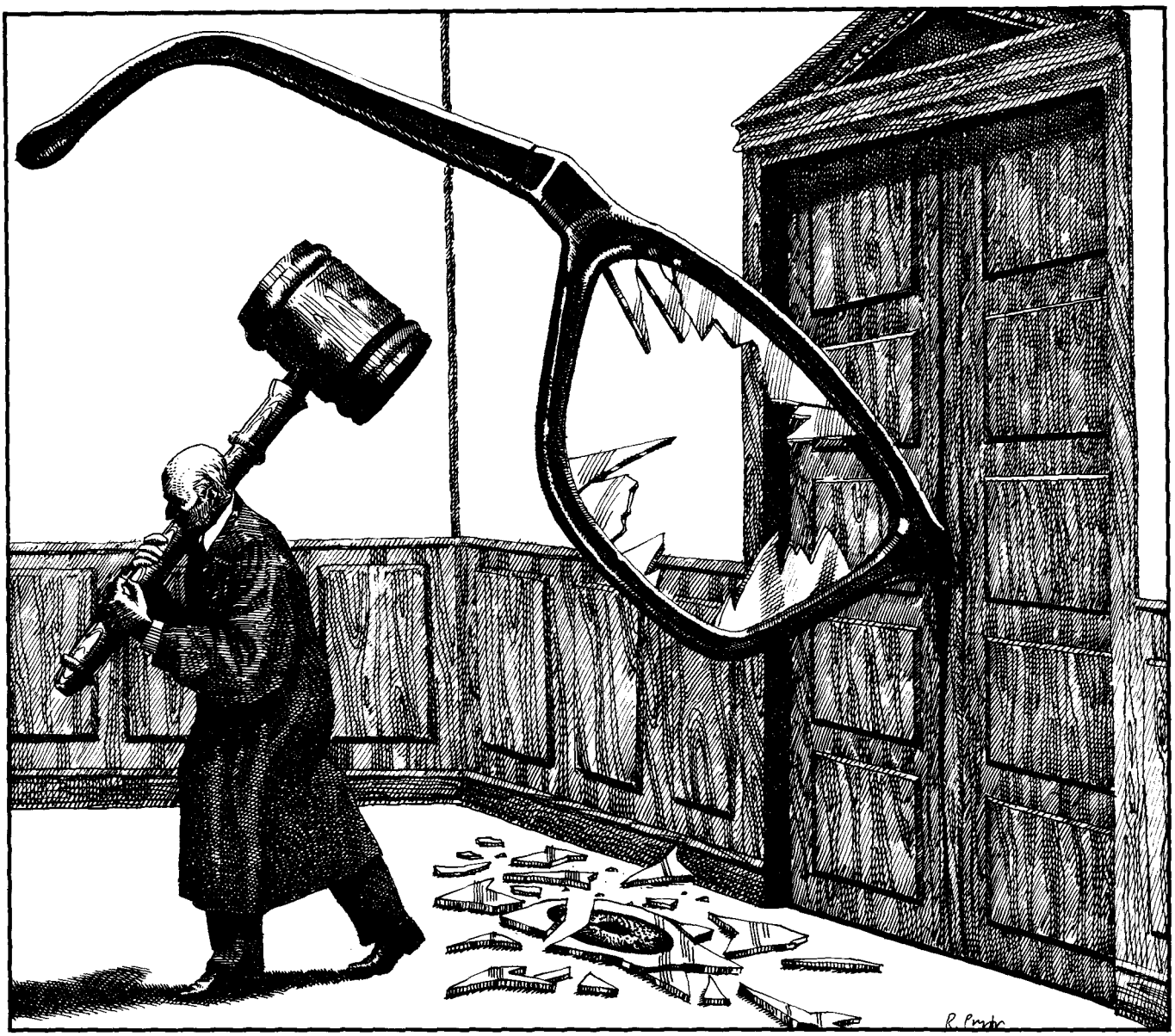

THE DOORS OF INJUSTICE

SENECA FALLS, New York—In 1976, an ex-policeman disappeared while fishing on Seneca Lake in Upstate New York. Two men were arrested and accused of his murder, even though the body was never found.

Carol Ritter, court reporter for Gannett Rochester Newspapers, went to cover the pretrial hearing for the accused.

When she arrived at the courtroom, Ritter and other reporters were barred from the hearing on the pretext that the accused would not be able to get a fair trial if the pretrial hearing was covered by the press.

The Gannett Rochester Newspapers strongly disagreed and challenged the judge's right to close the doors of justice to the people, including the press. They took that challenge to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Gannett believes no judge should have the right to shut the people and their free press out of such pretrial hearings, where an overwhelming majority of criminal prosecutions are resolved.

Can you imagine up to 90 percent of all court cases being settled in secret? Gannett could not. But on July 2, 1979, the Supreme Court ruled it could happen.

Gannett protests vigorously this abridgment of the First Amendment. Not only has the Court limited journalists' access to gathering and reporting the news for the public, but it has also trampled on the people's freedom to know, the cornerstone of our rights as a free people in a free society.

The freedoms of the First Amendment must be cherished, not shackled.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Burlington to Boise, from Fort Myers to Fort Wayne, every Gannett newspaper, every TV and radio station is free to express its own opinions, free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

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A world of different voices where freedom speaks.

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A CHALLENGE

Can we survive the class of 1984?

DANIEL DYER

Room 101 in George Orwell's *1984* was a nightmare room, a place where each person confronted "the worst thing in the world." For Winston Smith it was rats, for others it was "burial alive or death by fire, or by drowning, or by impalement, or fifty other deaths." In many cases worse things than death awaited those who entered. Until recently, college professors have no doubt feared a variety of possible Rooms 101: a room with a tenure committee composed of men wearing the uniform of Allied Van Lines; a room with an editor who suggests major manuscript revisions and then decides not to publish the book; any room in a college-owned faculty house. But in recent years a new fear has emerged, one that many would argue is now swiftly becoming a reality: a fear of students, of having to face a Room 101-ful of illiterate, ignorant, and insolent adolescents who eschew assignments and attendance, expect A's, accept B's, and go to grievance committees for C's. A mortarboard jungle. By 1984, who knows what sorts of students will be enrolling in college?

If the child is indeed the father of the man, then to begin to formulate an answer we need to look at the members of the freshman class of 1984 as they exist today—as middle-school and junior-high-school students. Since I recently taught for a number of years in the public schools, I believe I can describe fairly accurately the nature of the beasts that now inhabit suburban secondary schools.

In many ways, students have not changed all that much from the days of real education when *we* were in school. The old stereotypes still thrive: the girl you could have sworn was 19—and might have to in a court of law if you're not careful; the kid who carries a briefcase, pencil box, and enviable lunch—and who can name every dinosaur that ever sloshed through a swamp; the shrieking girls in gym class whose vocal chords are activated by any movement of their legs; the bespectacled bibliophile; the Amazon; the 12-year-old who shaves twice a day and who every 12-year-old girl's father fears will appear on the doorstep some sultry September evening asking if Suzie can "play" outside; the kid who wears the same sweater for 182 consecutive days and whose name you can never quite remember. Smaller versions of ourselves-when-young are there, too: you know, the shockingly attractive kids who get straight A's, edit the school newspaper, preside over the coin club and student council, and captain the football or cheerleading squad.

What today's young people like to do *after* school is not all that different, either. After wending their anfractuous ways home, they shoot baskets in a driveway, ride bikes precariously close to traffic, practice cheerleading or baton-twirling in full view of the entire neighborhood and of any scouts for the Dallas Cowgirls who just might happen to be cruising the area, or sneak fistfuls of Oreos while Mom's on the phone.

And in the evening they flop down in front of the TV, or try to convince Dad they don't have any homework, or beg to be driven to McDonald's or to the mall, or tie up the phone, or punch their little brothers for no discernible reason.

Asleep, they are indistinguishable.

But if kids are still basically like that, why are college faculties having conferences on the students of the 1980s, and why does CBS News ask "Is Anyone Out There Learning?"

Kids *are* different today, different not only from you and me, but different from their counterparts of only five or ten years ago. They will come to college with different knowledge, different attitudes, and different values.

They will come, first of all, embodying even more perplexingly the paradox of simultaneous tribalism and individualism. I once counted twenty pairs of identical Adidas sneakers in my class of 24 youngsters, causing me to conclude that pedal cloning had been successfully accomplished. But I often heard in that same room the most intense and startling expressions of individuality.

They will come having owned and broken more *things* than any generation in memory. Equipped with phone, TV, stereo, vaguely obscene posters, and assorted audio-visual materials, many young adolescents' rooms today are contemporary versions of Brer Rabbit's briar patch—as is the punishment of sending them there the equivalent of Brer Bear's hurling Brer Rabbit into his prickly paradise.

They will come having spent more hours in front of a TV set than in a classroom. Some claim that those hours have created a generation that is passive, functionally illiterate, unable to attend to anything that does not snap, crackle, or pop. My own observation is that while TV may not be the Luminous Lord of Illiteracy that its critics claim, the kids I taught most recently (with many notable exceptions) were

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more passive, were less willing to commit themselves to anything resembling a school activity, did quit more readily than their older brothers and sisters, were harder to interest in schoolwork. Put simply, a child who is watching TV is *not* doing something else—reading, reflecting, talking with his family.

The putative effects of TV-viewing notwithstanding, there are indications of a general change in the learning styles of the young. Some communications theorists have called this generation an "aural tribal" culture, ours a "visual literate" one; and if these theorists are right, then kids today don't learn from books and print as efficiently as we do; they get their information, their attitudes, their values—indeed, they experience the world—through the media that are most directly accessible to them: TV, radio, records, film.

Ironically, they've learned many of the literate things we'd like them to learn in non-literate ways—the "I-saw-the-movie" syndrome. The National Assessment of Educational Progress, for example, asked subjects to identify literary works from pictures representing scenes or characters from those works. In such a manner 72 per cent of the 13-year-olds tested correctly identified *Alice in Wonderland*. But it would take quite a leap of imagination to conclude therefrom that hundreds of thousands of mommies and daddies sat in rocking chairs on wintry evenings before crackling fires patiently reading Lewis Carroll's work to wide-eyed youngsters, pausing only to toast a marshmallow or adjust the afghan. A more accurate image would probably be Mom hauling Billy's guests down to the plaza to see Walt Disney's *Alice* for the third time. A more telling indication of this illiterate literacy is that a number of National Assessment subjects identified a picture of Don Quixote as "Man of La Mancha." And a final irony remains: the National Assessment's requiring youngsters to identify literary works by pictures rather than passages.

They will come having experimented with artificial stimulants, depressants, and sex (which can be both). Conversations I've had with students in recent years indicate that these kids have understandings about human anatomy and sexual acrobatics that my own 12-year-old brain would have refused to compute. To those who choose to view these as pubescent fantasies, be informed that last year several of our sixth-grade girls were whisked to the emergency room—OD'd on some funny-looking red pills that a classmate had given them at lunch-time. Or check the statistics on venereal disease.

They will come extremely concerned about their images. Some psychiatrists have said that this generation is role- rather than goal-oriented. The question you ask a kid these days, then, is "Who do you want to be?" not "What are you going to do?" And attempting to answer that question can generate an intolerable amount of anxiety. Furthermore, the millions we have spent on "career education" may have been largely misspent: such programs answer questions that kids today aren't asking.

THIS INTENSE concern about image has other implications as well: kids will no longer tolerate humiliation. I've seen demure sixth-grade girls snap back at a teacher who has embarrassed them and an eighth-grade boy take a swing at a music teacher who tried to make him display in front of his friends the effects of puberty on his vocal chords. Gone are the days of the dunce cap or having to wear illegally chewed gum on your nose. Raised again is the old Colonial flag which bears the legend: "Don't tread on me!"

They will come still thinking they're immortal, despite what happens to their friends every year. Recently four of my former students went out canoeing at night on a local lake. For some reason the canoe capsized. Two of the boys, clad in heavy jeans and boots, decided they'd swim for shore. A week later a relative, who had hardly left his rowboat day or night, found them floating in some reeds not far from shore. Shortly thereafter I got word that one of my students was killed on a Moped his folks had just bought him that day—his 14th birthday. But such accidents have an evanescent effect on the rest of the kids. They perceive death as an aberration; they feel resentful, even betrayed, by their dead companion.

They will come, for the most part, without what we have traditionally considered essential cultural knowledge. They think of Ajax as a cleanser, Electra as a Buick, Plato as a molding clay their little brothers have. They have never read or heard stories from the Bible. (In fact, in a recent survey of reading interests I conducted, middle-school students picked "religion" as the reading topic they disliked the most.) They think *Moby Dick* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* sound like dirty books and that a guy with a name like King Lear must have been a voyeur of some importance. In one of my seventh-grade classes two years ago, not one of the students had ever heard the story of Jonah. Another talented girl could not explain a reference to Judas. These were suburban children, some of whose parents took them to St. Croix whenever they felt like it. Advantaged kids.

They will come not having read *Two Years Before the Mast*, or *Call of the Wild*, or *Little Women*. No, not even in school. We have created for them a new literary genre, the "adolescent novel." Junior-high kids today are reading *Dinky Hocker Shoots Smack*, *My Daddy Was a Numbers Runner*, *I Never Loved Your Mind*, and *The Cat Ate My Gymsuit*. The plots of these works are not any more sophisticated than the Nancy Drews and Hardy Boys we read, but the new writers feel their Nancys are not "real" if they don't suffer menstrual cramps and fight off rapists as they devote

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themselves to solving the Mystery of the Hidden Staircase.

But most kids are not reading very much today anyway. In a recent survey conducted by the National Assessment, fewer than 50 per cent of the nation's 13-year-olds could give an adequate description of something they'd read in the last year—a novel, play, poem, whatever. (Lest we get lugubrious about the passing of literacy among the young, be informed that only about 40 per cent of adults could tell anything about a novel they'd read, 9.7 per cent a short story.)

Many of them will come not having reached the higher levels of cognitive functioning described by Piaget, Ausubel, and other developmental psychologists. Recent studies indicate that 30 to 50 per cent of the general population never reach the levels of hypothetico-deductive thought that undergraduate work has traditionally demanded. In a study of some college seniors in 1975, one researcher found that about 48 per cent of her sample had not reached the stage of abstract problem-solving thought—which means that the college population these days is not all that different from the general population—and that only 20 per cent of the seniors exhibited signs of functioning at the "creative" or "problem-finding" stage beyond. How do we deal with students who do not think the way we teach?

Finally, like all new generations they will come unaffected by the moments that defined the lives of their elders. The students I had in sixth grade two years ago were born in 1968. John Kennedy had been dead five years. The Beatles split up before these kids knew how to talk. The Vietnam War was over before they were in school. They never heard of Spiro Agnew or Mark Rudd or the effete corps of impudent snobs. They were in second grade when Nixon resigned. A couple of years ago I was with a group of eighth-graders in Washington, D.C. Part of the tour was a visit to the Kennedy gravesites at Arlington National Cemetery. When we got there, all the teachers assumed their solemn attitudes; a few even had tears in their eyes. I know I did. A number of kids were fooling around. Laughing. Talking loudly. I was about to launch into one of my "Look-don't-you-kids-have-any-respect-for-anything" lectures when it hit me: I might as well have asked them to stand in awe before the grave of Chester A. Arthur. Those young people, those future college students, had had no part in the emotional experiences that, at least at times, bind the older generation together.

THIS IS HOW they would come, then, these students of mine, if they were to enroll in college this year. No doubt the mere passage of time and maturation will attenuate some of the characteristics I've described even as they exacerbate others or allow still others to emerge. The only near-certainty is that they will arrive. And there are a number of ways we could react. We could respond by pointing fingers, blaming one another for the inadequacies of these students; we could talk learnedly about the "new narcissism" of the personalistic psychologies and philosophies that have made ours the only culture reluctant to pass on its history and its literature to its young; we could sauté the principal of the local elementary school in the fat of the professor of education who taught him; we could construct competency tests for parents; we could lock up the TV set, throw out the comic books, and put the kid in prep school; we could cite statistics on divorce and single-parent homes; we could castigate the colleges for abandoning requirements; we could excoriate religious institutions for substituting encounter groups, hootenannies, and hay-rides for religious education.

But I recommend a much simpler way to respond, one that over the last few years has worked for me and my 12-year-old students. Accept them. (I told you it was simple.) Then take them from where they are to somewhere else. Believe that they are capable—because they are. Recognize that they're different, not worse. When students are bound by things, try to free them with ideas. If they learn through television, use it. If they are concerned with their images, try to be sensitive. And fair. If they've never heard of Jonah or Judas, tell them the stories—and a few others while you're at it. If they can't write their own names without asking for hints, show them how. If they can't read the book you've given them, teach them how. Or give them another. If they can't write as well as their big sisters did, recognize that that makes them *more*, not less, deserving of your attention and professional skill. (They still do want to write, and they still do have a lot to say. When I left one school, a student wrote, "And thanks for introducing me to the wonderful world of writing." True, she spelled writing with two t's but that made her message all the more poignant.) And if they function at concrete levels of thought, try to be more concrete in your teaching.

Many times I failed with this philosophy—gloriously and, as I look back on it, humorously. Just last spring I asked one of my classes to memorize Frost's "The Road Not Taken." One young man's version:

Two roads divert in the yellow woods
And dark the leaves in both.
I take the one thats not as traveled
To save the other for another day.
Even though I will not travel this way again.

Hell, he got the idea! I can accept that.

No doubt many of my colleagues have come to similar conclusions about their students—that acceptance must precede instruction. At any rate, it is a simple principle I intend to continue to employ. It does not so much suggest an erosion of standards as it does a modification of approach; it mandates that we discover our students before we can help them reach those standards.

Plutarch informs us that Aristotle was confronted with a situation similar to ours in the person of the young Alexander. Aristotle could have found many reasons not to teach this young man from the north. Instead, he accepted the boy. He left in Alexander those qualities of character and culture that were his birthright but instilled in him a respect for the arts and for morals; he cultivated what Plutarch called the boy's "violent thirst after and passion for learning." And I submit that that's our job in the colleges today. We most assuredly do not face a wose student body than in years past, but we do have a different one, one that we desperately need to understand. If we do our jobs well, the parents of our students might not build us a memorial as Philip did for Aristotle—they might not even contribute to the Annual Giving Fund. But our students might properly say of us what Alexander said of Aristotle—"that ne had no less affection for him than for his own father: from the one he derived the blessing of life, from the other the blessing of a good life." □

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HADLEY ARKES

Amherst Searches for a President: WOULD YOU WANT THIS JOB?

A RARE MOMENT in the academy: a job has come open at a senior level. The President of Amherst College offered his resignation last November, and, for the sake of avoiding a crippling interregnum, a search was begun at once to name a successor who could start in July. The job attracted more candidates than the New Hampshire primary, and with good reason, for it remains one of the "glamor" positions in American education. Consider briefly the assets: The College is one of the most selective in the country (it admitted last year only 14 per cent of the applicants—reportedly the lowest figure in the country—and these selections were made from a pool of talented students). The graduates of the College go on, at an uncommonly high rate, to prestigious careers in business and the professions, and they have generally preserved their attachment to the school. By one unofficial survey the alumni contributed to the College last year in proportions that were exceeded only —and only slightly—by the alumni of Dartmouth, Princeton, and Williams. The result is that Amherst, with 150 faculty and about 1,500 students, has an endowment of $79 million, which gives it one of the highest figures of endowment per student in the country. As for the faculty, it has a long tradition of cultivating teaching as a craft, but it has also managed to make itself visible to a larger public through its writings.

To preside over an enterprise of this kind is to attach oneself to a going concern, and it may be hard to look bad as the chief executive of this establishment. Still, the spirit of the moment was caught by Calvin Plimpton, a former president of Amherst, who remarked that the office "needs a man of good sense—but then again, what man of sense would take the job?" The presidency of an elite college or university is simply not what it was when the office was filled by such men as William Rainey Harper (of Chicago) or Nicholas Murray Butler (of Columbia). Of course there are more constraints today on the authority of a president, but presidents were never meant to be czars, and it is arguable that the formal constraints on authority are far less important than the changes that have taken place in the ways in which people have come to conceive their relations with a particular college and with the academic community as a whole.

In that respect nothing has been quite the same since the campuses were converted into political arenas in "the troubles" of the late 1960s. Since that time an adversary culture has taken hold in which almost every group comes to see itself as having interests that may be at odds with the administration or the rest of the community. For every group there is a sense of "malaise" or a set of "concerns." These "concerns" require evenings—and even whole days—set aside for intense discussions, along with the demand that the College do something substantial (i.e., that it spend money) to show that it takes these concerns seriously.

There Must Be a Way Out of This

This spring, Amherst literally suffered "days of concern" as a result of a cross-burning that was staged by two black students. (These fellows managed to reveal their rare wit by injuring their own friends twice—first by frightening them, and second by embarrassing them.) The state of mind I've described here is so well advanced at Amherst that the outrage over "racism" at the College was hardly diminished at all by the revelation that the incident was a massive hoax —that it was staged for political purposes. The armies of the credulous on campus insisted that this was but another sign of the desperation and powerlessness felt by black students: it was thus even more a measure of what racism at Amherst was doing to black students—and even more a reason to suspend classes again for more "days of concern."

Oscar Wilde once said that the problem with socialism is that it requires too many evenings. But the problem for a college president nowadays is that these rituals require more than evenings and days: they require an absorption in the prosaic that would have been found insufferable by any of the great scholar-presidents of the past, whose minds

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were furnished principally with the concerns of scholarship. To take part in endless rituals of "concern" and "grievance"; to treat every demand as eminently worthy of respect, no matter how vacuous it may happen to be; to embrace the formulas of "affirmative action" and convince oneself that racial "goals" are not racial "quotas"; to preserve a steady humor in the face of incivility and the breach of law—all of these things require a special sensibility. Along with everything else, they may require a disposition to purge oneself of any firm sense of principle that may interfere with the short-term end of avoiding any further trouble. The operating rule for the new president is not "Act only on that maxim through which you can at the same time will that it should become a universal law"; the slogan of the day, rather, seems to be, "There must be a way out of this."

But matters have been rendered worse now—the political situation of the president has become even more difficult—as a result of the recent trends in the salaries of faculty. Over the past ten years the salaries of professors have not kept pace with the rate of inflation, and professors have fallen behind the average growth in income for all other non-agricultural workers in the economy. If the trends of the past ten years continue over the next twenty, the faculty at Amherst will be reduced to the equivalent of the official poverty level (adjusted to constant dollars).

In a measure of average compensation, Amherst now stands noticeably behind such institutions as Westchester Community College and the Fashion Institute of America; at the same time the tuition and fees at Amherst have failed to keep pace with the fees at other institutions more comparable to Amherst. It has been estimated that the students at Amherst come from the most affluent set of parents that is attached to any set of undergraduates in the country, with the possible exception of Duke. There is some reason to believe, also, that the cost of an education at Amherst over the last ten years has represented a diminishing share of the income of most Amherst parents, whose own incomes have kept well ahead of inflation. The ironical result—as many professors now see it—is that the cost of inflation has been borne at Amherst by the constituency that has been least able to bear it.

To the misfortune of the outgoing president, it was last term that all of these recognitions burst forth to explicitness in a series of reports and resolutions. The president could solve his political problem only with a quick infusion of money, but he could get that money only by increasing tuition, by improving the yield of the College's portfolio, or by sweeping in contributions in a capital fund drive. The most promising source was the capital drive, but it became apparent quickly that it was the source that would not easily be open to this president. To reach this source one would have to reach those alumni in business and the professions who were in a position to make substantial contributions. But over the past seven years these were precisely the people who had been alienated as the president pursued ends that elicited applause on the campus: most notably, his decision to lead a sit-in at a local Air Force base to protest the war in Vietnam, and—the real clincher—his decision to come out in favor of co-education.

Withdrawing Interest—and Contributions

In the case of co-education, the decision could be voted through only by insulating the process of judgment as much as possible from the sentiments of the alumni (most of whom seemed strongly opposed). Regardless of the merits of the case, the impression has been fostered now over a number of years that the people in control of the college are not inclined to take the judgments of the alumni seriously on any matter of consequence. And many alumni, for their own part, have been moved to withdraw their interest—and their contributions—from a College that no longer seemed to have any interest in what they thought.

The assumption was widely held last spring that the next president of the College would have to be a person who could re-establish the confidence and the sense of connection that were once felt by these alumni. In order to do that, it was anticipated that he would have to be an alumnus, and that he would probably have to come from the world of business or law. In the event, the prediction was half right: the new president is indeed an alumnus—Julian Gibbs (Amherst '46), a distinguished teacher and research chemist at Brown University. (He has also impressed the community as a fine choice—tough-minded, understanding, and without an ounce of gullibility.)

But before the selection of Gibbs, there were strange presentiments abroad in the faculty. The fact that the College

(Continues on page 1227)

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Edison Electric Institute

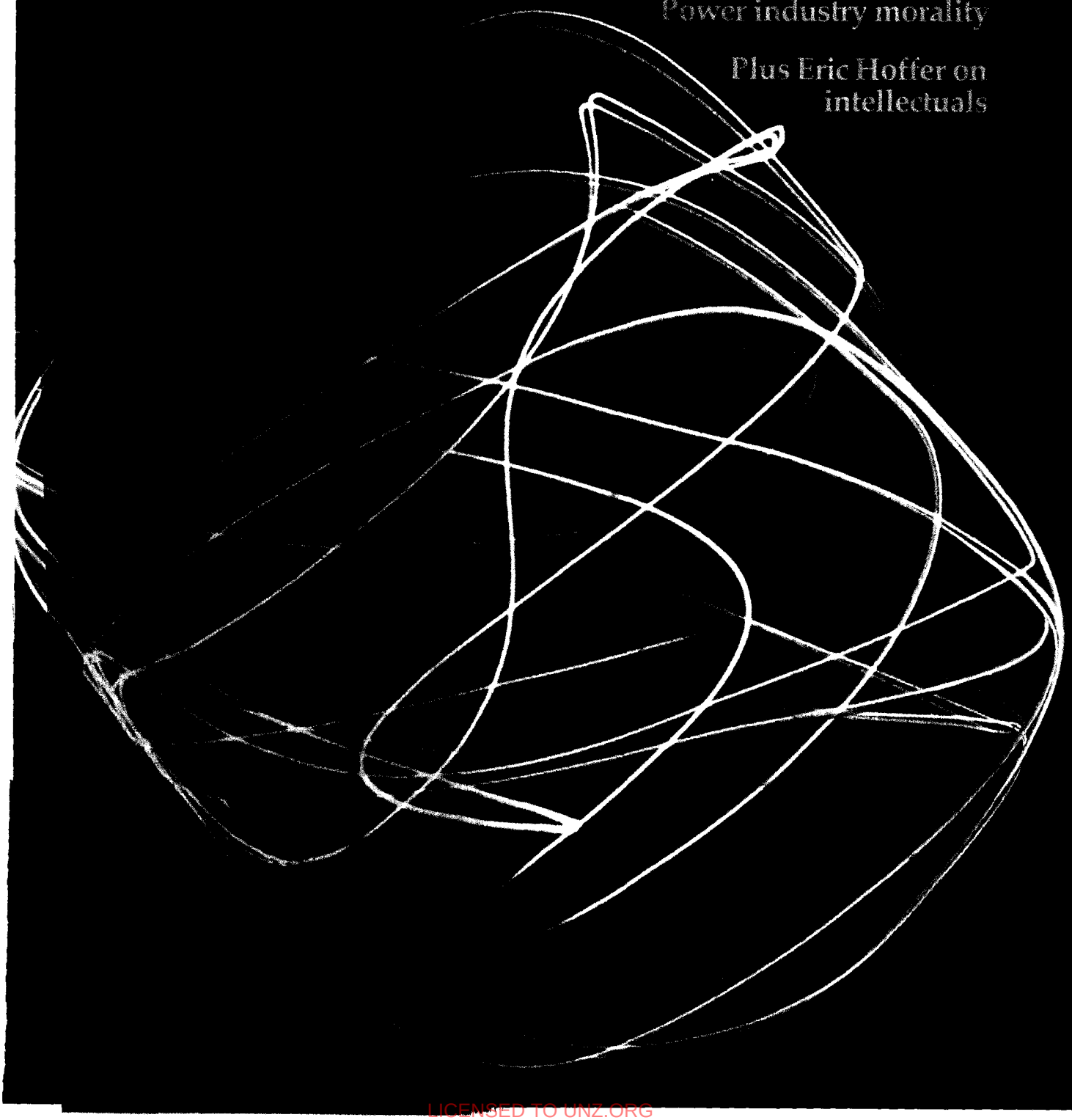
SYMPOSIUM

The Edge Overview

ENCE, TEC INOLOGY AND THE HUMAN PROSPECT

Power industry morality

Plus Eric Hoffer on intellectuals



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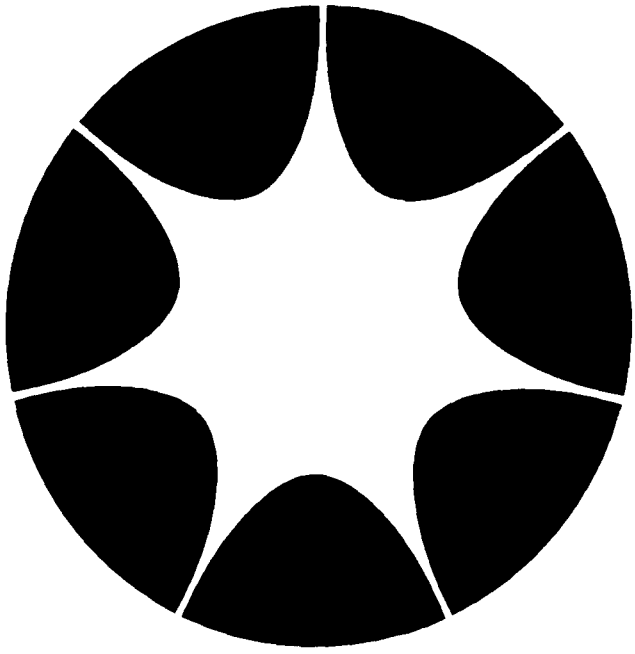
THE GROWTH OF LIMITS

by Chauncey Starr



NOTE: As one of the official events of the Edison Centennial commemorating the 100th anniversary of the electric light bulb, the Electric Power Research Institute and the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation were cohosts of an international Symposium on Science, Technology and the Human Prospect, held in San Francisco in April, 1979.

Some 45 distinguished, international scholars, scientists, governmental officials and businessmen delivered papers during the three-day Symposium. The Edison Electric Institute is making a cross-section of the views expressed by the participants available in this form because it is dedicated to offering concerned citizens impartial information on the various issues affecting the nation's electricity needs, usage and delivery systems.

The articles in this insert, severely edited to meet space limitations with the authors' kind permission, can only begin to suggest the diversity of subject matter and range of opinion presented at the Symposium. Readers interested in obtaining the complete text of the Symposium proceedings should contact Pergamon Press, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523. In addition, a 45-minute videotaped documentary of the Symposium has been produced. For information on its availability, contact the Electric Power Research Institute, 3412 Hillview Avenue, Post Office Box 10412, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Symposium is edited by Rees Behrendt and designed by George Kurten.

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies
1111 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

We now live within a framework shaped by complex technology, and we can't help but be concerned about how that technology will affect our future.

I believe history supports this assertion: science and technology have continually relieved the limitations on man's ability to live in the circumstances provided by nature, and they continue to do so.

Science and technology have permitted enormous growth in the world population by improving man's ability to increase food production; to accommodate to harsh climates; to provide transportation and communication for the world's goods, services and ideas; to increase available resources and use them more effectively; and to live longer in better health.

Thus, science and technology historically have opened new frontiers for mankind, not only permitting but also stimulating the "growth of limits." I do not accept the premise that constraints on such growth are in view or that our long-range planning should be determined by today's perceptions of existing limits. I believe that a long future of expanding expectations continues to be an available option if we take advantage of the fact that technology is an unlimited resource of the human mind.

The real question we face is: do we want to accept the idea of limits as a guide to human expectations and societal planning, or do we want to keep alive the idea of expanding expectations and new horizons? If we choose expansion, we need more science and technology applied to a spectrum of uses and to the problems of dealing with the undesirable side effects of growth.

The recently popular "limits to growth" theme was based on the assumption that natural resources and ecology impose a near-term limit on our ability to continue to derive materials from the earth and to handle safely residuals of growing industrial processes. For proponents of this theme, the obvious course would be to limit the personal economic expectations of those now alive and to limit sharply the growth in the world's population. This is a seductive dogma, because if it were socially and politically feasible to accept such limitations, and thus reduce the worldwide demand for goods and services, we would simultaneously reduce the stress on our natural environment, on our political and social institutions and on our problem-solving and decision-making mechanisms. But is such a prescription acceptable from a social and political standpoint? Perhaps it is for the comparatively wealthy, but what about the poor people of the world? For them, limits to growth would mean lives of hopelessness.

The continuing debate on energy supply and demand epitomizes these issues. Those who press the view that man-made energy processes alter the natural ecology appear to forget that human society also has a complex energy ecology woven into its fabric. As with natural

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ecology, any change in this total system of relationships will affect all its components. Popular ignorance of this fact has led to many simplistic notions regarding the role of energy in the quality of life, ranging from the idyllic notion that the less energy used, the better the life, to the opposite extreme, the need for unlimited abundance. Neither extreme has sufficient evidence to support its validity.

When we examine social groups with very low energy supplements, we find they are frequently on starvation's edge, ridden with malnutrition, endemic disease and physical misery. It has been estimated that one-fourth of the world now lives on this edge of survival. Given a free choice, such groups avidly seek more energy. The vehicle for energy to improve the quality of life is technology. And this is intuitively understood by the world's peoples.

Thus, if personal aspirations worldwide cannot be reduced, limiting economic growth would create major—and perhaps catastrophic—strains on our international political and social institutions.

I challenge the factual validity of the assumption that resources are limited, which is at the root of the doctrine of limited expectations. I believe that the resources available for use into the distant future are not generally limited, because history testifies that advances in technology expand the availability of resources. Technology does this by providing increased efficiency in the conversion of resources to human uses, i.e., less is needed to produce more, and in the extraction of traditional resources from the biosphere, as well as by providing methods for the conversion of dormant substances into new resources. So far, we have extracted only a small fraction of the store in the earth's crust. History also tells us that the apparently limited resources available to mankind in any one period of time become just a small fraction of the resources ultimately available to later generations because of the intervening contribution of science and technology.

As an example, let us consider the availability of oil. If oil exploration and extraction had been restricted to the techniques that were current about 1900, we would have been out of oil generations ago. At the beginning of this century, available U.S. reserves were about one billion barrels—enough for a decade then and for about two months of our present use. What oil was available then was found by looking for signs of seepage at the surface and by drilling around salt springs. In that period, we didn't have the sophisticated exploration, deep drilling and extraction techniques available today. Technology has enabled us to discover oil repositories miles underground and to force that oil out, as well as to obtain it through artesian pressures. And we've been able to open up oil fields under the oceans. There is no possible way that anyone without high-technology engineering equipment could develop a deep sea oil well. This is truly a frontier opened by technology.

This is a good example of how technology has kept increasing the available supply of all mineral resources and illustrates how science and technology are instrumental in expanding the limits of man's resources.

This expansion of limits has occurred with minerals, with food, with transportation, with communication, with health and with extending livable space in unfriendly, harsh environments.

There is ample stimulation to reassess the role of science and technology in our social development, to explore what they have done for the world's nations, what they mean to the individual and where they are likely to go in the future. Such an assessment is particularly timely for the electric industry. The major economic growth of the industrial nations has taken place parallel with and supported by the development of new uses for electricity, so the electric industry recognizes its responsibility as a partner in this growth.

Those of us pursuing the applications of science and technology believe that all progress in these fields is good for humanity generally and the developing nations in particular. Yet we do recognize the serious negative impact that some of the byproducts of these technical developments have had on individuals, on specific social trends and on the environment in which we live. We are also conscious of the possibility that such social costs might become so large that we must carefully examine what we are doing and perhaps better plan our activities.

There has been—during this past decade, in particular—a growing attack by a portion of the intellectual community on the social merit of the industrial section of our society. The electric utility industry is one such target, as are the automobile industry and the chemical industry.

A segment of the intellectual community has suggested that we should somehow restructure our society to remove the heavy hand of technology. This has been one of the popular tenets of the environmental movement. The basic question being posed is: are we the passive subjects of an uncontrollable technical system, or are we able to control this system to improve our destiny? I believe we must understand all aspects of such fundamental questions and assist our society in finding its balance.

Whether or not one pushes technological growth depends partly on individual philosophic beliefs and partly on the perceived prospects for technology. For more than a hundred years, most societies had unquestioned faith that technological growth was worthwhile. Our cultural conceptions of the role of science and technology are very fundamental to the average man. They affect his immediate activities, his future and that of his children and grandchildren. In the last few decades, our faith in technology has been questioned. And these doubts have created public issues bearing not only on the applications of science and technology but also on the creation of new knowledge. To some, the disapproval of the intended end of a particular science or technology means that research to develop fundamental knowledge should be stopped. But to do so would inhibit the potential for its good use, as well as for its bad. The debate on genetic engineering is such a case. In contrast, as an example of the stimulation fostered by an approved objective, the continual search for military superiority has historically extended scientific and engineering frontiers. It is an interesting commentary on the priorities of nations that this search for military strength has focused resources on new technology as no other social goal has done. It is indeed regrettable that our peaceful objectives are not equally stimulating.

It is my own belief that science and technology are powerful and unlimited resources for bettering man's condition; that the undesirable byproducts of their applications are susceptible to reduction by these same arts; that science and technology are the key to the "growth of limits" for resources and to the application of these resources for useful purposes, as well as to the breaking of constraints on human expectations and aspirations; and that future generations will be able to manage competently the world they will inherit—one that I believe will be better than the world my generation inherited. I believe this can, and will, happen, provided our sociological and cultural structures do not inhibit the intrinsically fruitful activities of science and technology—whether from fear of future uncertainties or from paranoid anxieties created by the doomsday syndrome.

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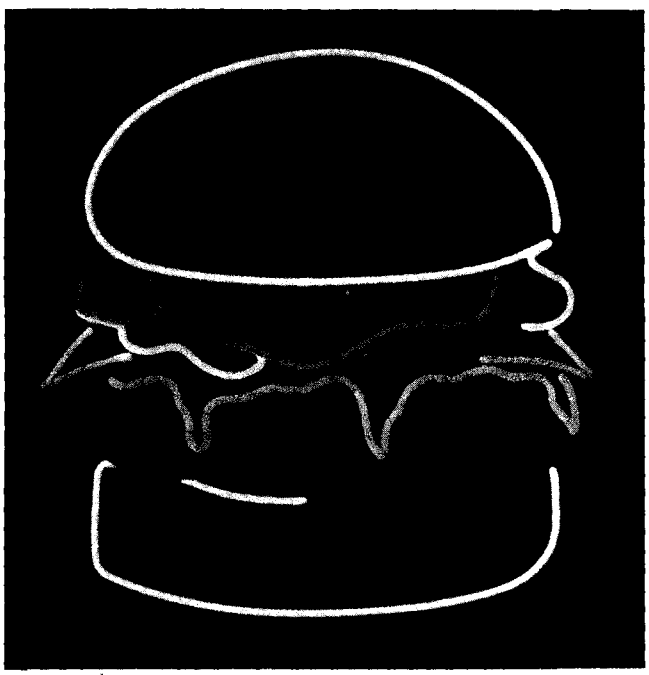
THE FALLACY OF THE ENERGY-CIVILIZATION EQUATION

by George Basalla



Among the critics of energy conservation are those who claim that as we use less energy we will become less civilized. They believe that the retreat from high energy consumption will lead mankind directly back to the caves that provided his first shelter. The immediate response to this warning is that the first substantial use of petroleum dates not to the Stone Age but to the period of the Civil War. And furthermore, that even a fifty percent reduction in our total consumption of energy would not transport us back to Paleolithic times, nor even to the Dark Ages, but to the 1950s.

Nevertheless, apocalyptic visions of an American society forced to reduce its energy consumption continue to haunt us. We foresee a doomed civilization, with tractors paralyzed in the fields, abandoned automobiles rusting on weed-choked freeways, factories as quiet as tombs and our haggard descendants facing a life of everlasting drudgery. These are strange visions for a nation that uses a 5,000-pound automobile to drive a mile in order to buy a half-dozen cans of beer that will be drunk in an overcooled room and the empties thrown on the trash heap instead of being delivered to an aluminum recycling center.

How did it come about that a people who use and waste vast amounts of energy believe that the alternative to high energy consumption is the primitive life endured by early man? And, even if the choice is not between the Stone Age and life in the twentieth century, what is the relationship between energy use and level of civilization?

The current approach to the energy problem ignores the fact that for almost two centuries energy consumption in the West has had an ideological component. High energy consumption has not only been associated with physical comfort, economic well-being and military strength, it has also been identified with the idea of civilization itself.

The tendency of the Western nations to equate energy use with level of civilization was accurately and satirically described by British author Aldous Huxley. Said Huxley, because we use a hundred and ten times as much coal as our ancestors, we naively think that we are a hundred and ten times better intellectually, morally and spiritually.

When energy consumption thus serves as a measure of the height of civilization reached by a nation, then changes in energy use will have wide implications. As less energy is available per capita, the nation is thought to lose its standing among the world's civilizations.

Those countries with high rates of energy consumption are ideologically committed to maintaining them, and those with lower rates are motivated to copy their energy-hungry, civilized superiors. This ideological commitment helps to explain why so many of the less industrialized nations felt it necessary to have their own nuclear reactors. It was not necessity that drove them to acquire them but the feeling that they might be left behind in this latest event in the energy-civilization race.

To simplify consideration of these matters, I will assume the existence of an energy-civilization equation. Although no one has ever formally written out such an equation, it has pervaded western thought for the past two centuries. It can be found in the physical, life and social sciences, and in technology, philosophy and popular culture.

The left side of that equation contains energy, a well-defined physical concept. On the opposite side appears civilization, which is a subjective evaluation of the intellectual, moral and aesthetic accomplishments of a society. The two sides of the equation are directly related, so that high energy consumption results in high civilization and low energy consumption in a low level of civilization.

The energy-civilization equation originated in the early nineteenth century. Prior to that time, the introduction of new energy sources was not linked to the advancement of culture. Take the example of the Middle Ages, which witnessed a great power revolution. Although the waterwheel, windmill and effective harnesses for draft animals transformed social and economic life, no medieval thinker was ever moved to claim that they were the ultimate sources of the cultural and spiritual achievements of the time.

The rose window of Chartres, the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, or any other of the accomplishments of the age were never related to the energy that had recently been put to new and practical uses. And conversely, medieval man never feared that dry streams, windless days and bad harnesses would mark the end of his civilization. Yet, by the

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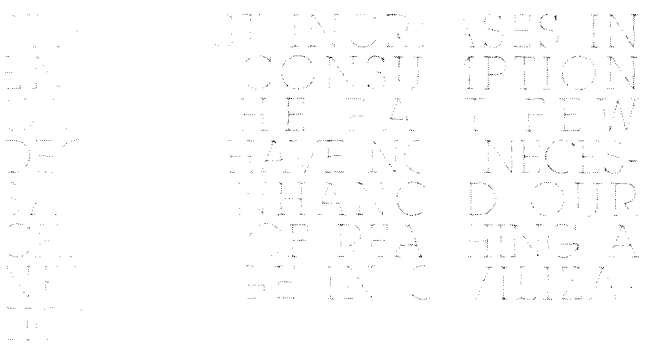
1800s, the energy-civilization equation found easy acceptance, and claims and warnings of this sort were gaining in popularity.

The formulation of the energy-civilization equation was made possible by the Scientific Revolution of the seventeenth century. The emergence of modern science and the subsequent identification of scientific and technical advancement with human progress provided the kind of intellectual environment in which a newly introduced power source would be dealt with differently than it had been in the Middle Ages. The Scientific Revolution created a world view in which energy and civilization could be directly related.

In the 17th century, Sir Francis Bacon listed the great inventions that had changed the course of civilization; they were the compass, gunpowder and the printing press. With the rapid growth of science and technology, it was an easy matter to extend Bacon's original list by adding new inventions. By the late 18th century, an obvious addition to that list was the steam engine, which produced large amounts of power and had noticeable social and economic effects. It quickly became the symbol of industrialization and the social, economic and cultural changes that accompanied it.

The steam engine appeared to offer strong evidence that energy could be converted into civilization. However, neither the steam engine nor any other mechanical device could provide a proper theoretical basis for the energy-civilization equation. Only the sciences could supply such a foundation, and they did so during the 19th century. First physics and chemistry and then the biological, social and behavioral



sciences were called upon to offer theoretical justification for linking energy with civilization.

Among the great successes of nineteenth-century physics were the discovery of the laws of conservation of energy and the establishment of a science of thermodynamics. Early in the century scientists had their first glimpse into the possibility of energy conversion. At that time they were interested in the conversion of heat to light, light to chemical action, chemical action to motion, motion to electricity, electricity to magnetism and so forth.

Some men of science were not satisfied to confine the conversion series to the boundaries of the physics and chemistry laboratory. Is it not possible, they argued, to convert physical forces or energies into biological ones? After all, it occurs naturally every time an animal assimilates its food. And cannot the series be extended from the biological to the nervous forces that energize the nervous system? And why stop here? Can we not take the next step, the one that connects nervous forces to the mind and to the study of moral and intellectual energy?

If one answered "yes" to these questions, then there existed no theoretical barrier between the physical concept of energy and the moral and intellectual progress that characterized civilization. It was in this way that the energy-civilization equation finally found an apparently respectable place for itself among the sciences.

Once the path had been opened between physical energy and culture, it was possible to imagine energy conversion sequences that began in the firebox of a steam engine, or in the windings of an electric dynamo, and ended in the world of morality, social and intellectual concern and artistic creation. Most scientists preferred to work on the first few links of the sequence, links that were clearly empirical. On the other hand, there were those who saw no problem in speaking of vital mental and social energies and in determining their relationship to the energy of the physical sciences. Some cases in point:

*Wilhelm Ostwald, German chemist, 1919 Novel prize-winner and creator of Ostwald's energetic imperative: Do not waste energy! He attempted to develop an energetic basis for all the sciences.

*Henry Adams, American historian and author of the famous essay, "The Virgin and the Dynamo," which evaluated the effects of two great and different energies upon the course of Western civilization, concluding that the force of electricity was every bit as mysterious and powerful as the religious force produced by medieval Catholicism's veneration of the Virgin Mary.

*Frederick A. Soddy, British scientist, 1921 Nobel prize-winner and a pioneer in the study of the atom. Soddy believed atomic energy would lift civilization to heights undreamed of, if atomic warfare could be averted and a new economic system established for a more equitable distribution of goods and services.

*Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, who followed Soddy's lead in dealing with energy and economics. Ford proposed using an abandoned Muscle Shoals, Alabama, hydroelectric plant to produce enough cheap power to supply a city 75 miles long and 15 miles wide. Edison proposed financing the scheme through Energy Dollars, imprinted with a depiction of the hydroelectric plant because energy was the true basis of money. Politics intervened to kill the grandiose scheme.

And the energeticists marched on. The dreams of hydroelectric plants and a new society persisted to the time of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's administration, when they became part of the Tennessee Valley Authority program. The TVA mystique was to reappear in such unlikely and remote areas of the world as Aswan, Egypt, and the Mekong River delta in Vietnam.

It would be foolish to argue that hydroelectrical establishments have no influence on their social and intellectual milieu. However, it is also true that they have not created the revolutionary changes promised by their promoters. We have yet to create a new civilization merely because we harnessed the power of some wild river. There remains a considerable gap between the Utopian societies projected and the economic and ecological liabilities of power dam construction.

I have touched upon but a few of the many manifestations of the energy-civilization formulation. Sigmund Freud linked sexual energy, and its sublimation, to civilization. Some current anthropological and sociological thought links energy and cultural achievements. There is astronomical speculation that ranks the civilizations of yet to be discovered extraterrestrial beings according to their supposed access to different amounts of energy. The disclosure of new energy sources—coal, petroleum, the atom, the sun—is accompanied by highly exaggerated claims that they would be the basis for a new society and a higher civilization. Finally, a National Science Foundation course describes energy as follows: "Energy is the source and control of all things, all values and all the actions of human beings and nature." That is the sort of description that at one time would have sufficed to define God!

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Having resolved the historical question of the origins and diffusion of the energy-civilization equation, we are still left wondering about its ultimate validity.

In this equation, slight increases or decreases in energy use cause large fluctuations in the level of civilization. If man uses less coal or electricity, then he is surely doomed to wear animal furs, gnaw on bones and pass his time shaping stone tools. On the other hand, if he only adopts solar, fusion or some other new energy source, then the gates of the Garden of Eden will be opened to him. We should be suspicious of a formulation that places mankind so precariously between apocalypse and utopia. And we should be cautious in accepting an equation that does not reflect the fact that the vast increases in energy consumption over the past few decades have not necessarily enhanced our changes of reaching a new stage in civilization.

Perhaps one reason why our rapidly increasing energy consumption has not placed us upon a new plateau of civilization is the way in which we choose to use that excess energy. The crude formula linking civilization with energy has no place for questions of choice. It deals with

"THERE IS A GREAT DANGER IN ASSUMING THAT CULTURAL ATTAINMENTS MUST WAIT UPON THE FULFILLMENT OF CREATURE COMFORTS."

energy expended per capita and does not ask if the energy was squandered on trivialities, wasted in destructive wars, or utilized to advance the social, moral and cultural accomplishments we identify with civilization.

Another weakness of the equation grows out of the vague way energy is defined within its context. There is no quarrel when the term is limited to the physical domain. But what are we to make of the analogical reasoning that led to the writing of serious essays on moral energy, sexual energy or religious energy?

If the energy-civilization formulation encouraged the loose definition of energy, what did it do for the definition of civilization? Immediately we are faced with an entirely different situation. Energy has its roots in the physical sciences, so that no matter how it is misapplied the original concept maintains its integrity. Civilization, on the contrary, never has had the kind of precise determination we associate with an accepted scientific concept. Civilization has always been a value-laden word that has changed over time and has been redefined again and again in order to meet current political, social or cultural needs or desires. It is an ill-fated formula that would attempt to link closely two such disparate entities as energy and civilization.

Yet, even if we attempt to make the equation workable by focusing upon one nation at a given time and assuming that its people will agree on what is meant by civilization, we find grave difficulties. When the English economist and philosopher Stanley Jevons was predicting the imminent decline of British civilization in the 1860s, he supposed that coal, iron and railroads had raised England to the pinnacle of culture. Not so, responded the contemporary literary critic Matthew Arnold. Let us suppose, said Arnold, that two hundred years from now England was to be swallowed up by the sea. Then, when the rest of the world recalled England's greatness, they would undoubtedly remember the Age of Shakespeare as her golden hour and not the time of Alfred Lord Tennyson and Queen Victoria. The Elizabethans managed quite well without the steam engine to produce a culture that is admired throughout the world.

Should a twentiety-century opponent choose to enter into the debate with Matthew Arnold over this matter, he would probably draw upon statistics proving modern superiority in life expectancy, literacy, nutrition, public hygiene, speed of transportation, equality of opportunity and so on. In short, he would shift the argument to the arenas of quality of life and economic growth. Matthew Arnold would reply to his modern critic as he did to Jevons, by defining national greatness as that quality that excites love, interest and admiration for a nation and its deeds. And Arnold would be correct in doing so, because throughout its history the energy-civilization equation has stressed the highest cultural achievements of man, and not the more mundane aspects of his life. After all, the steam engine was praised not merely because it could pump drinking water to city dwellers but because it was a dispenser of culture.

A persistent critic would then respond that there just might be a connection between the availability of potable water and the creation of high culture. Must not the artist and scientist be fed, clothed and sheltered before he can address himself to artistic and scientific affairs? There is no simple reply to this question. However, I believe it calls for something far more profound than the energy-civilization equation, which has often been put forth as the definitive answer.

There is a great danger in assuming that cultural attainments must wait upon the fulfillment of creature comforts,

"THE ELIZABETHANS MANAGED QUITE WELL WITHOUT THE STEAM ENGINE TO PRODUCE A CULTURE THAT IS ADMIRED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."

that man could not study the stars, think about gods or ornament a piece of pottery until he had a full stomach, a roof over his head and a wall around his city. The more historians and anthropologists learn about the early history of mankind, the more they are convinced that science, religion, and art were always part of his existence, and not refinements he cultivated after reaching a certain stage of economic stability. Neither historical nor anthropological research supports the popular view that economic necessity is prior to, and prepares the way for, the moral, intellectual and aesthetic life of man. Therefore I, for one, would reject the simple correlation of energy consumption, economic growth and civilization.

In the final analysis, it is not crucial that all of my criticisms of the energy-civilization equation be accepted. It is much more important that the equation is recognized as a pervasive, if often implicit, element in both popular and sophisticated approaches to energy and society. If the equation is as worthless and potentially dangerous as I think it is, then it should be exposed and discarded, because it supplies a supposedly scientific argument against our efforts to adopt a style of living based upon lower levels of energy consumption. If it is a generalization of great truth, then it deserves a more refined handling than it has received from its supporters to date.

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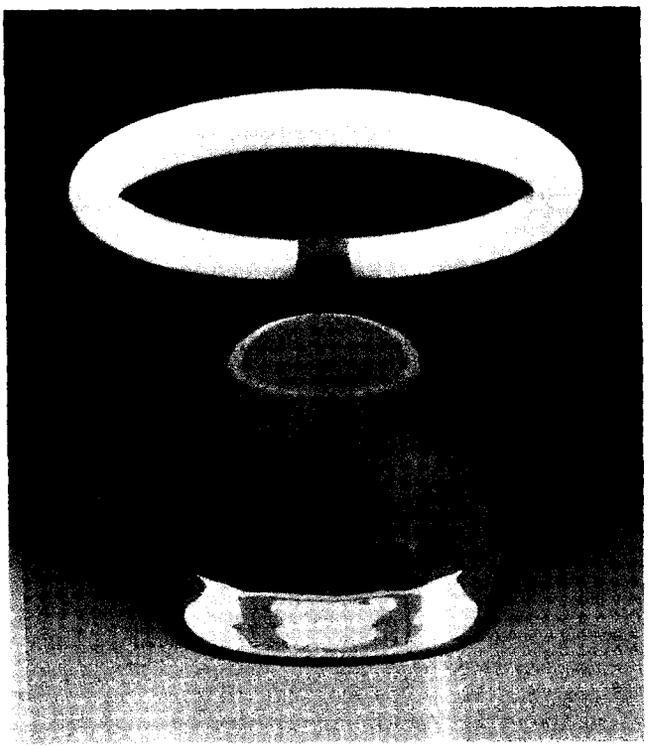
Morality and the Electric Power Industry

by Alasdair MacIntyre



We are in one of those phases, recurrent in American history, in which morality has been rediscovered yet once again. It is characteristic of such phases that a hunt for scapegoats ensues, focusing our concerns in precisely the wrong way on precisely the wrong issues. Blaming and punishing individuals becomes a substitute for asking what it was in the structures of our common life that at the very least made possible and perhaps even positively engendered moral fault and failure.

The present fashionable concern with morality in general and the practice of scapegoating in particular concentrate their concern almost exclusively upon breaches of the kind of moral rule that tells us only what we ought not to do. Our very concern with an emphasis upon negative, prohibiting rules leads us to lose sight of what is, in fact, centrally important to morality and thus, in turn, to fail to give due importance to these self-same negative, prohibiting rules.

The record of the electric power industry, in abstaining from breaking such negative, prohibiting rules, is by and large an exemplary one. Paradoxically enough, insofar as I am inclined to question the moral resources of the electric power industry, it is because in one way its moral record is as good as it is. The morality of the industry has been essentially a negative one of proved abstinence from wrong-doing.

Since the end of the Great Depression, the electric power industry has inflexibly interpreted its legally mandated task, at the heart of which is the requirement to supply electric power on demand. The American electric power industry not only supplied power with a success unparalleled in human history, but actually participated in creating the demand that made that success necessary to the rest of American industry. All this was achieved in such a way that neither the more general question: "Growth for what?" nor the more specific question: "Electric power for what?" needed to be raised, let alone answered. Those questions implicitly were held to be questions only for consumers, just as questions of the legal constraints to be imposed on the provision and use of electric power were held to be questions for the Congress and for citizens.

The morality required and practiced by the industry was generally a strict morality of non-intervention in every area but that which it and others regarded as its own legitimate realm. There was one positive aspect to the morality: its basic assumption, so firmly held as scarcely needing to be stated, was that the providing of electric power within the limits set by these negative constraints was an unqualified good.

Environmental concerns did not emerge until the very end of the period about which I am speaking; and the obvious connections between the provision of electric power and the possibilities both of providing employment for an increasing work force and of increasing the comfort of domestic life reinforced this assumption. The consequence was that a whole range of decisions came to be treated as purely or almost purely technical decisions to be handed over to the economists and the engineers: what types of plant should be built, where should they be sited, at what points should investment be made, what skills did the industry need. Congress provided the mandate, the consumer provided the data for prediction, the executives of the industry provided the commercial integrity and the skills for answering such questions, but the questions themselves were technical, not moral.

The electric power industry—and in this it has been no different from the rest of us in modern society—has allowed its moral perspectives to be defined too much in terms of the negative prohibiting and constraining rules and not enough in terms of positive goods that ought to inform its tasks. It is those goods that provide the distinctive moral dimension in any definition of the future tasks of the electric power industry. We can very happily take for granted the need to observe the requirements of the negative rules; what we do need is a more explicit assertion of the industry's positive moral tasks.

One positive moral task of the industry is to assume a large public responsibility in areas that it has hitherto treated with a scrupulous but, if I am right, partly mis-

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placed respect as the responsibility either of the Congress or the executive branch of government or of the industrial, commercial and private consumer. That responsibility is to urge, cajole and compel our society to make certain choices and to make those choices in as open, as explicit and as rational a way as possible. There are two different kinds of reason why this responsibility falls to the electric power industry. The first is concerned with its unrivaled strategic position in the supply of power and with the scale and scope of its resources, especially the industry's accumulation of relevant knowledge and relevant skills. Both government and the general public have to learn what are the applications and consequences of alternative energy sources under specific local conditions of particular communities and environments. Engineering, economic, environmental and social considerations are going to have to be presented within a framework of political choice.

It is perhaps obvious that the members of the electric power industry are, as a group, uniquely well-fitted to present such choices. It would be required of them that they transcend their position as one special interest group among others. Would we then be asking them to become moral supermen? There is no simple, glib answer. But part of the complex answer is that we have asked no less from a variety of special interest groups in times of national crisis, especially during the Second World War.

The second type of reason for suggesting that the industry has this special and relatively new responsibility is that so far those who have been conveniently assigned this task by the democratic process have signally failed to discharge it in any but the most inadequate ways.

We have in our society only two institutionalized methods for coordinating individual preferences and transforming them into public choices: those of the market and its allied institutions, and those of government legislation, taxation and regulation. It is scarcely surprising that public debate has focused, explicitly and implicitly, on energy questions as elsewhere on the choice between those two, and that the form of public debate has been largely that of an indictment of each of these methods by the proponents of the other. The sad fact of course is that both parties are right; both methods are grossly defective, and specifically so with respect to the kind of choices that our society now needs to formulate.

Consider first some defects of the mechanisms of the market. Markets only provide mechanisms for coordinating individual preferences once those preferences have been formulated and expressed in acts of consumption. The market, therefore, is of no help to us in those areas of life where we have to decide what our patterns of consumption are to be, how our preferences are to be ranked, how our desires are to be ordered. The debate on energy is centrally about investment; and it is a debate that has to be conducted within what Daniel Bell has felicitously called the "public household." We need to reason together in order to discover with what choices we want to enter the market. We are, that is to say, at a point in the argument where to tell us to rely on the mechanisms of the market is not so much mistaken as irrelevant.

There are weaknesses and defects in our system of political decision-making that correspond precisely to the weaknesses and defects of the market. It, like the market, is responsive to the pressures of the present much more rationally than to those of the future, partly because our ability to predict the future accurately is in general extraordinarily limited. And it, like the market, is far more effective at expressing already formulated choices on familiar issues than at formulating new possibilities of choice in unfamiliar areas. Neither the market nor the political system will provide the ordinary citizen with an adequate arena for formulating and expressing radically new choices of the kind that the energy debate thrusts upon us. And if public discussion that will enable ordinary citizens to formulate and express radically new choices does not take place, then the political and economic outcomes will inevitably be sadly defective.

But who is to begin the debate neceseary to supplement our conventional economic and political institutions? Who is to educate the educators? I see very few individuals or institutions who are both capable of taking up this task and who possess the resources and the strategic position to carry it through, apart from those individuals and institutions comprised by the electric power industry. Their work compels them to interact with both producers and consumers at essential points. They have a peculiar responsibility, which arises from the fact that if they do not discharge it, it is unlikely that anyone else will. If the industry does embark on this task, it will perhaps be accused of trying to preempt the democratic process; but if it does not take action that will render it liable to such accusations, the democratic process itself may fail us.

What then is the task, and why does it have moral dimensions? In order to answer this question, I shall have to state briefly and unoriginally what I take the energy crisis to be. There is no more of a shortage of available energy now than at any other time; what has suddenly become unavailable is energy at the kind of low price to us to which we had become accustomed. What we now have to debate is what we are prepared to pay for what and to whom and how are we going to pay for it. The major possibility that we confront is of a gigantic shift in patterns of investment. And if we invest massively in new energy sources or in new ways and to new extents in existing sources, then we shall necessarily be shifting our investment away from something else important to our lives. Hence the energy crisis is a crisis about our whole way of life and not just about energy.

It is not difficult to see that when we rethink the wide range of questions facing America as questions about energy, four different kinds of moral concern must arise. The first is a concern for complexity. Oversimplification, the sacrifice of complexity, is in fact a crucial form of the vice of untruthfulness. Yet this is not the only morally damaging harm that is likely to arise from oversimplification of the issues. Just because so many different kinds of issues of policy and practice interlock at the point of energy use, there is no simple way to assess the costs and benefits that will arise from any particular proposal. How, for example, are we to weigh as considerations relevant to the same proposal the harm of damage to the environment against the harm of making fewer jobs available to those who badly need work, and both against the harm of injury and death to a certain number of presently unidentifiable individuals? It is always much easier for us to consider these issues in a piecemeal, local way, in which some particular compromise—determined through bargaining by

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ɔcal circumstances and balance of power—will, in the hort run, at least, satisfy the particular, local contending arties. Our whole political and legislative process is iased towards oversimplified statements of problems nd, consequently, not only oversimplified but unjust olutions.

Because our culture possesses no general set of stanards that will enable us to evaluate costs and benefits of ery different types in a single rational argument, it is all he more important that our evaluations satisfy two minial requirements of justice. The first is that everyone elevantly involved—and where energy is concerned that neans everyone—should have a chance to say what is to ount as a cost and what as a benefit. The second is that, so ar as possible, those who receive the benefits should also e those who pay the costs and vice versa. Neither the ormer nor the latter principle has received anything like dequate attention in recent debates. When environnentalists urge policies that will significantly reduce the number of jobs that might otherwise be available, it is arely, perhaps never, the case that they are able to show *either* that those who would lose their opportunities of work are the same people who would benefit from the environment *or* that those who would lose their opportunities to work have had a part in shaping the conception and criteria of costs and benefits involved. Environmentalists in the present have sometimes been as untrammeled in endangering other people's jobs as industrialists in the past were in endangering other people's investments. Equally, when opponents of nuclear power stations urge policies that will significantly increase our future dependence on coal, the lives that will be lost as a result of their policies are not their own. Justice demands not only that everyone have a voice and a vote, but that some people—the populations that will bear the relevant risks and dangers, or most of them—have more of a voice and more of a vote than others.

There is at least one further requirement that must be met if justice is to be served. Because the energy crisis is primarily a crisis about the investment of resources, ordinary citizens are going to have no opportunity to understand how the costs and benefits of different investment policies do and will impinge upon them, if the costs are systematically concealed by subsidy. For the inhabitants of most advanced countries, the cheapness of energy to the consumer in the past 50 years has disguised its true costs. Ordinary citizens respond to their everyday experience and, if their everyday experience conceals what they are really paying for energy in all sorts of disguised ways, then no amount of theoretical education is likely to succeed. Only if there is a widespread perception of what the costs and benefits of different energy policies are can we decide both democratically and rationally how it is just to distribute costs and benefits.

Justice and truthfulness are not the only virtues central to determining energy production and use. Another is the ability to live with unpredictability.

We need to plan on a large scale, but we also have to recognize that our plans are for a future that is always apt to surprise us with its unexpectedness. In part, our social future is unpredictable because of the ways in which the future development of mathematics, science and technology are unpredictable. An obvious and obviously crucial example is the mathematics of Turing or of von Neumann, work essential to the development of modern computing science and engineering, and work whose outcome could not have been rationally predicted in advance.

In changing the social world and its national environment, we also change ourselves. No matter how sophisticated our social planning with respect to energy or to anything else, we can never rule out the possibility that in the course of implementing our plans we shall acquire views, interests and desires markedly different from those that led us to draw up and implement our original plans. Hence it is crucial that our planning is not so inflexible that it leaves our future selves—let alone successor generations—with no or few options acceptable to them because we were, at an early stage, too rigidly insistent on what is now acceptable to us.

It follows that there are great moral as well as practical dangers in making too many large-scale irreversible investment decisions that foreclose on future choices. This is especially a danger because the urgency of our immediate needs always tempts us towards short-term solutions.

Some of my statements about justice might seem supportive to the advocates of massive investment in nuclear power, while what I am now saying about the need for an ability to live with unpredictability may seem to endorse what some of their critics have said. But what matters at this juncture is not so much the particular policy implications of particular points; rather, it is the need to underline the fact that we ought not to expect moral considerations all to point in one single policy direction. There is a genuinely tragic dimension to the energy debate in that any particular policy direction is going to involve the sacrifice of some authentic goods for the sake of others. Our culture lacks any clear sense of how to handle tragic situations, situations that reveal our moral and human limitations in relation to the tasks imposed upon us.

Because we have never learned to face up to our moral limitations, we have lost to a large degree our vision of positive possibility. We have trudged for so long into a future of apparently limitless consumption that we do not now find it easy to remember who we are and what links us to others. The notion of possibility is always the notion of some future form of community that provides us now with standards and goals by which to diagnose our various forms of inadequacy and to set about remedying them. Just such a common vision—partial, not always coherent, but providing the essential sustenance for our constitution—was implicit in the founding of this republic.

What I am suggesting is this: that to press forward in the public arena the debate about energy, in such a way as to make its moral dimensions clear so far as possible to the whole society, will reveal to that society that it is, to a degree that a good deal of political rhetoric conceals from us, involved in a moral crisis as well as in an energy crisis. The prospect is a dismaying one and requires courage: we do not know how to reason together morally in an effective way. And this lack—just because it is something wanting in the social order as a whole—will never be remedied unless we face it as a society.

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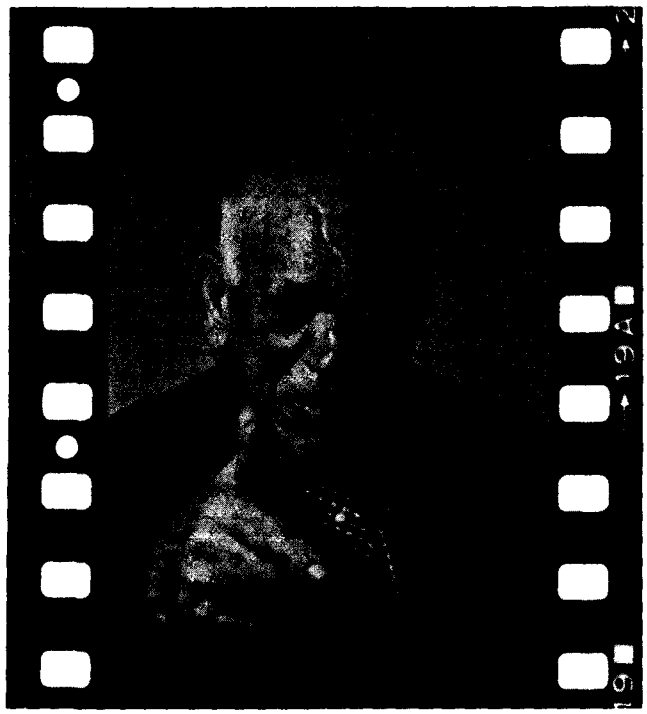
BEWARE THE INTELLECTUAL

by Eric Hoffe



From the early days of the Industrial Revolution, intellectuals of every sort predicted that the machine would make man superfluous. Right now, it would be difficult to find a social scientist who does not believe that automated machines and computers are eliminating man as a factor in the social equation.

The belief that the machine turns men into robots is an a priori assumption that prevents social scientists from seeing that technology is doing precisely the opposite of what they predicted it would do. There is evidence on every hand that the human factor has never been so central as it is now in technologically advanced countries. And it is the centrality of the human factor that makes industrial societies at present so unpredictable.

In the 19th century, which saw a Promethean effort to master and harness nature, little thought was given to the management of man. The ruling middle class could proceed on the principle that government is best when it governs least. Everyday life had a fabulous regularity. Obedience of authority was as automatic as a reflex movement. Social processes were almost as rational and predictable as the processes of nature. It was reasonable to believe in the possibility of a social science as exact as a natural science.

There was also boundless hope, a belief in automatic progress that imbued people with patience.

Mr. Hoffer, the self-educated author of numerous books on social philosophy, is a former migratory worker, gold miner and longshoreman.

Then came the 20th century! Have there ever been tw successive centuries so different from each other as th 19th and the 20th?

The 19th century was stable, predictable, rational, hope ful, free, fairly peaceful and lumpy with certitudes.

The 20th century has been hectic, soaked with the bloo of innocents, fearful of the future, stripped of certitudes unpredictable and absurd. The history of the 20th centur is a succession of disastrous absurdities: the First Worl War, the Russian Revolution, the Versailles Peace Treaty Prohibition, the wild '20s, the Great Depression, the Roo sevelt Administration, the Hitler Revolution, the Secon World War, the Holocaust, the absurd 1960s and now th Carter Presidency.

What was it that made the 20th century so different fror the 19th? The First World War was the sharp dividing lin between the two centuries. But it was not the First Worl War itself, but its aftermath, that shaped our century Without the breakdown of Czarist Russia and the humilia tion of Germany by the Versailles Treaty, there woul have been neither a Lenin nor a Hitler Revolution.

We have the testimony of highly reliable observers o the fabulous stability and hopefulness of the pre-wa decade. To Alfred North Whitehead, who was immerse in the new physics, "the period 1880 to 1914 was one of th happiest times in the history of mankind."

It is impressive how logic and hope kept 19th centur thinkers from contemplating an unpleasant, let alon apocalyptic, denouement as the fulfillment of the Indus trial Revolution. Few in the 19th century were aware of th explosive irrationality of the human condition. No on suspected that once nature had been mastered, industria societies would enter a psychological age in which ma would become a threat to mankind's survival.

No one foresaw the disintegration of values and th weakening of social discipline caused by the eliminatio of scarcity. A logician like Marx could not foresee th downfall of capitalism by ever-increasing efficiency rathe than by ever-increasing misery. Hardly anyone in the 19t century foresaw the chronic unemployment and the loss o a sense of usefulness caused by increased ambition. N one feared that drastic change would upset traditions, cus toms and other arrangements that make life predictable Finally, no one foresaw that the education explosion mad possible by advanced technology would swamp societie with hordes of educated nobodies who want to be some bodies and end up being mischief-making busybodies.

Strangely, those whom thinkers of the 19th century viewed with alarm were the masses. Some thought that the masses loathed continuity and that their clamor for change would topple all that was noble and precious. Others believed that, once the masses were given political power, only education and prosperity could preserve social stability. How naive to believe in a stabilizing power of prosperity and education after we have seen what affluence and education have done!

To Freud, it seemed that individuals composing the

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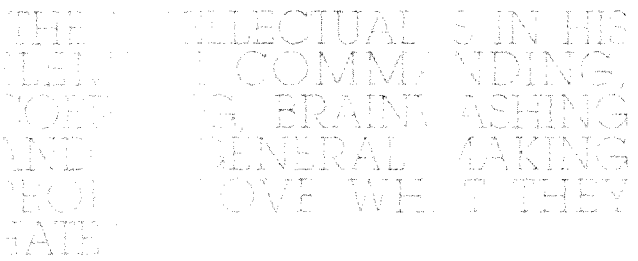
ıasses support one another in giving free reign to their ıdiscipline. No one had an inkling that anarchy, when it ame, would originate not in the masses but in violent ıinorities, including the minority of the educated. verything that was said about the anarchic propensities f the masses fits perfectly with the behavior of students, rofessors, writers, artists and the hangers-on during the ghteous '60s.

The masses are the protagonists of stability, continuity nd law and order. It is curious that Disraeli—remarkable ıan—should have had a truer world view of the nature of ıe masses than his liberal contemporaries. He sensed the onservatism and patriotism of common people. Could it e that, as a genuine conservative, Disraeli was more ttuned to the eternal verities of man's existence? Con-



idering also how timely and relevant were Disraeli's deas about what makes nations strong and great, it is egitimate to wonder whether you have to be a conserva- ive if you want to be up to date.

The 20th century saw not only the fulfillment of the ndustrial Revolution but also the fulfillment of wars ılanted in the preceding century. There is hardly an atroc- ty perpetrated in the 20th century that had not been advo- ated by some intellectual in the 19th.

The 19th century was dominated by men of action; the ntellectuals just talked. And no one expected savage vords to have consequence. The intellectuals entered the 9th century convinced that it was going to be their cen- ury. Had they not made the French Revolution? They saw hemselves as the coming ruling class. But the Industrial Revolution gave power to the middle class, and the intel- ectuals were left out in the cold.

It is the predicament of the middle class that, although it :xcels in mastering things, it is awkward and almost help- ess when it comes to managing men. Thus, when the ıuman factor became more and more central, the middle lass, drained of confidence by the First World War and a ;reat Depression, found itself in deep trouble.

The stage was set for the entrance of the intellectuals. To ın intellectual, power means power over man. He cannot :onceive of power moving mountains and telling rivers vhere to flow. He is in his element commanding, brain- vashing and in general making people love what they ıate. He glories in the role of medicine man and charis- matic leader. And feels godlike when he makes words become flesh. Thus, he has made the 20th century a cen- tury of words par excellence. In no other century have words become so dangerous. A failure to recognize this fact can have disastrous consequences.

Now, viewed from any vantage point, the 19th century was a sharp historical deviation. About 150 years ago, the Occident was catapulted into a trajectory away from the ancient highway of history. We can now see that the trajec- tory is the loop that turns upon itself and is curving back to where it started. We can see all around us the linea- ments of a pre-industrial pattern emerging in post-indus- trial society. We are not plunging ahead into the future, but falling back into the past. The explosion of the young, the dominance of the intellectuals, the savagery of our cities, the revulsion from work are all characteristics of the decades that preceded the Industrial Revolution. We are returning to the rocky highway of history and are rejoin- ing the ancient caravan.

The significant point is that the people who are rejoin- ing the ancient caravan are not what they were in pre- industrial days. They are more dangerous. The unspeaka- ble atrocities of the 20th century have demonstrated that man is the originator of a great evil that threatens the sur- vival of mankind. The central problem of the post-indus- trial age is how to cope with this human evil.

It is conceivable that if the exhaustion of raw materials and sources of energy make it imperative for a society to tap the creative energies of its people, it may in doing so also tap a new source of social discipline, for the creative individual, no matter how highly endowed, must be hard- working and disciplined if he's to accomplish much.

There is no invention that will take the hard work out of creating. Moreover, since the creative flow is never abun- dant, the greatest society is likely to be disciplined by a new chronic scarcity. The trouble is that the coming of the creative society will be slow and faltering, and we must find other defenses against evil.

What I'm going to advocate may seem far-fetched. But in this case, all suggestions are legitimate. As things are now, it may well be that the survival of the species will depend upon the capacity to foster a boundless capacity for compassion. In the alchemy of man's soul, almost all noble attributes—courage, love, hope, faith, beauty, loy- alty—can be transmuted into ruthlessness. Compassion alone stands apart from the continuous traffic between good and evil proceeding within us. Compassion is the antitoxin of the soul. Where there is compassion, even the poisonous impulses remain relatively harmless.

Compassion seems to have its roots in the family. It is conceivable that the present weakening of the family may allow compassion to leak out into wider circles. So, too, the cultivation of esprit de corps, which is the creation of family ties between strangers, may spread compassion.

The question is: can we make people compassionate by education? It is natural to assume that the well-educated are more humane and compassionate than the uneducated. But, believe it or not, the reverse seems to be true. When Gandhi was asked what it was that worried him most, he replied, "The hardness of heart of the educated."

We have seen the highly educated German nation give its allegiance to the most murderously vengeful govern- ment in history. The bloody-minded professors in the Kremlin, as Churchill called them, liquidated 60 million Russian men, women and children. We have also seen a band of graduates of the Sorbonne, no less, slaughter and starve millions of innocents in Cambodia and Vietnam. The murder weapons that may destroy our society are being forged in the work factories of our foremost univer- sities. In many countries, universities have become the chief recruiting ground of mindless terrorists.

I've never been a teacher or a parent, and my heart is savage by nature and therefore unfit to tell people how to implant compassion. Still, I have the feeling that perhaps the adoption of a certain view of life might bear the fruit of compassion. We feel close to each other when we see our planet as a tiny island of life in an immensity of nothing- ness. We also draw together when we become aware that night must close in on all living things, that we are con- demned to death at birth and that life is a bus ride to the place of execution. All of our struggling and vying is about seats in the bus, and the ride is over before we know it.

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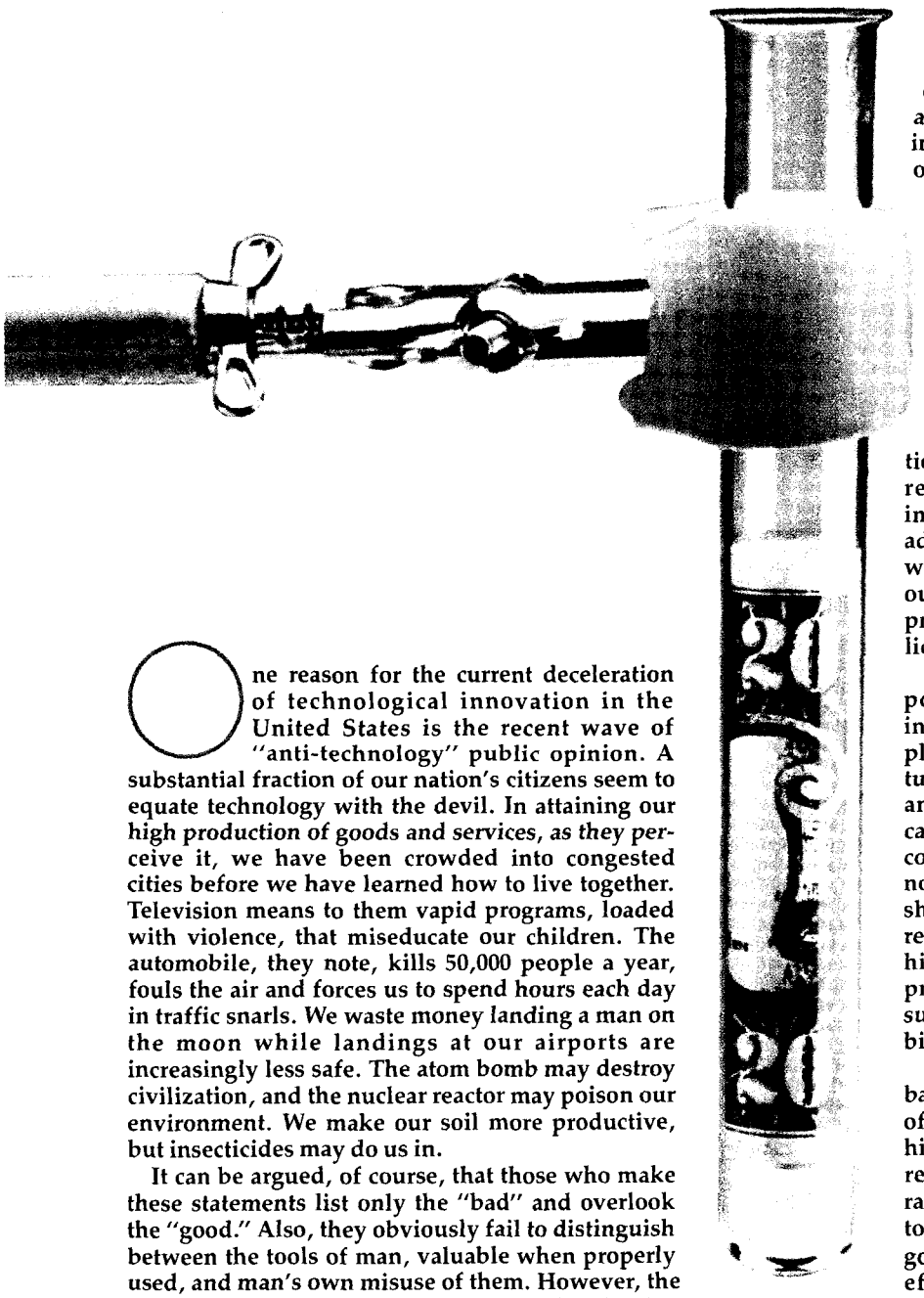
CAN SCIENCE TURN A PROFIT?

by Simon Ram



One reason for the current deceleration of technological innovation in the United States is the recent wave of "anti-technology" public opinion. A substantial fraction of our nation's citizens seem to equate technology with the devil. In attaining our high production of goods and services, as they perceive it, we have been crowded into congested cities before we have learned how to live together. Television means to them vapid programs, loaded with violence, that miseducate our children. The automobile, they note, kills 50,000 people a year, fouls the air and forces us to spend hours each day in traffic snarls. We waste money landing a man on the moon while landings at our airports are increasingly less safe. The atom bomb may destroy civilization, and the nuclear reactor may poison our environment. We make our soil more productive, but insecticides may do us in.

It can be argued, of course, that those who make these statements list only the "bad" and overlook the "good." Also, they obviously fail to distinguish between the tools of man, valuable when properly used, and man's own misuse of them. However, the presence in the nation of a broad anti-technology bias, applied indiscriminately, impairs our overall ability to reach objective, sound, non-emotional decisions on the development and employment of technology. This prejudice, like all prejudices, stands in the way of our arriving at meaningful value judgments.

The majority of the public in the Unite States does not seem to understand the fun damental necessity for a strong program o advancing technology to meet the public's ow insistent requirements to have a growing standar of living, low unemployment and tolerable (tha is, small) inflation rates.

We have two routes for initiatives to ge things done in the U.S.: free enterprise an government. Without a high degree of coop eration between the government and th private sector, and public understanding o the need for this cooperation, technologica advance in the U.S. will be highly constrained Because the government is so important in sett ing the environment for technological innova tion and because innovative capability in the U.S resides almost entirely in private industry improved organization to accomplish beneficia advancing of technology depends on the extent t which a harmonious ensemble can be organize out of the three ingredients: government policy private investment and implementation, and pub lic support.

Currently, inflation, government spending, ta policies, and over-regulation have impaired industry earnings and lowered available funds fo plowback to create technological advances. Unfor tunately, an increasing fraction of the most needed and potentially beneficial technological project call for investments beyond the net worth of mos corporations, and large corporations in the U.S. now are essentially not allowed to team up t share the risk. For such projects, the "risk-to return" ratio is too great, the start-up losses are too high, the time to "turn-around" to an eventual profit phase is too long and the dependence o success on unpredictable political decisions is for biddingly close.

The lack of industry incentive to invest funds t back innovation goes with the other characteristics of the U.S. environment: inflation, high taxes, high costs in dealing with government regulatory requirements, high consumption-to-investment ratios, and high ratio of government to private sector spending. Given the state of the economy, no government program to stimulate more innovative effort and R&D in private industry could be nearly so effective as a successful government program to lower inflation, or one to cause more discretionary cash flow to be available to technological corporations by a lowering of taxes. If the government could create these changes, the seeds of scientific and technological advance would quickly blossom into copious crops. Here are some examples that illustrate the relation of the rate of application of technological advance to economic-political constraints.

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OIL WELL TECHNOLOGY

If existing U.S. continental oil wells were equipped with submergible pumps for secondary and tertiary recovery wherever warranted, our oil reserves would be greatly increased (perhaps even doubled, the experts tell us). Technologically, such installations are thoroughly practical. Most often, the installations would be economically feasible as well, if the price per barrel were higher than present controls permit for old oil, i.e., in the range of prices the nation is paying now for imported oil. Billions of dollars invested this way would bring us tens of billions in equivalent additional petroleum. The critical pricing parameter to make the private investment a sound one lies outside the free market and is a political matter. Pricing involves a contest among numerous influential constituents with wide differences of opinion of the issue. The private sector thus cannot justify investing the required funds.

IMPROVED URBAN TRANSPORTATION

Almost every large U.S. city could gain by installing a first class public transportation system. But it has to be the right system. The technology has to be carefully selected and matched to each city's layout, industry pattern population and employment distribution, health care and education facilities. The economic gains could be prodigious. Perhaps half our population could save hours each week over present means for getting to and from work. They would travel at less expense, consume less energy, cut air pollution and decrease the accident rate.

But is it intelligent for an American technological corporation to invest its resources with the objective of developing, then selling, and finally earning a return from mass transit systems for American cities? Consider Los Angeles as an example. Imagine that some private company a few years ago decided to devote several years of effort in fitting technology to L.A.'s social and economic needs and designing the multi-billion dollar transit system required. Then, further assume, as we must to be realistic, that all the subsystems (vehicles, controls, communications, energy distribution, safety, terminals, maintenance, rights of way, environmental reports, etc.) were out and debugged.

All this would have involved an expenditure of a hundred million dollars or more and would be only a beginning. Much of this effort would have had to be repeated for other cities because of the importance of bringing prices down by realizing as much commonality as possible in equipment and software for multiple installations. Then the private concern would have to design, build and tool up several plants to start producing the specifically required hardware, refine it by full-scale testing and manufacture parts in some quantity to be sure of price and quality before taking on contracts for shipment and installation. If the company had gone this far (it would by now have made over a billion-dollar investment) and had done everything perfectly would it then have succeeded in selling a system to Los Angeles? That is extremely doubtful. Who exactly is this customer we have labeled Los Angeles? What does Los Angeles truly want and how are its requirements being decided? Can Los Angeles raise the procurement funds? Hundreds of separate (and often quarrelling, apathetic or self-seeking) groups, both private and governmental, are involved in the answers to these questions.

Potentially beneficial as the proper application of transportation technology might be, the market in any given city is not formed. The "risk-to-return" ratio would be absurdly high for the private corporation electing to develop this field. The start-up cost would be huge. Even assuming eventual success, the time to payoff would be too long and the city or county government's eventual approach to the pricing of the service, fundamental to the promise of return on the private investment, would be too unpredictable.

ENVIRONMENTAL TECHNOLOGY

Done suitably, with a mixture of creativity and common sense, the selective depolluting of major lakes, rivers, harbors and coastal waters stands to yield a good return on the investment in health, quality of life and economic gain through preservation and maintenance of vital natural resources. To achieve practical results, much more scientific research and technological work is needed to understand pollution phenomena more deeply, develop superior non-polluting approaches to use of the waters, and produce a myriad of specialized equipment. Of course, such technical effort would be meaningless or misguided without attention to all the complex interface problems.

What company, or group of companies, would invest in a private overall systems solution for, say, depolluting Lake Erie? This would mean their setting out, with their own funds, to settle the many interactions and to develop the new chemical processes, superior purification and fuel-burning methods, optimum energy-use techniques and the rest. Many specific and dificult scientific and engineering advances would be vital for an intelligent, broad changeover to an integrated lower pollution system. But in what context should the individual technological efforts be chosen? What criteria should be used? Even if a combine could be created of, say, five large corporations that among them possessed all the technical expertise required, how could they presume to design and install a system that would affect the economy and social makeup of the industrialized communities of millions of citizens distributed around the lake?

COAL

By all-out use of science and technology and the full cooperation of government and private industry (neither of which is in the cards today), we could have a plentiful supply of energy for hundreds of years by properly utilizing our huge reserves of coal. Existing technological beginnings can be advanced to desulphurize coal, produce liquid and gaseous fuel from it, mine it more safely, obtain a good deal of it without mining (in situ), burn it more cleanly and more fully and limit environmental harm. The resulting energy supply would be higher priced than today's oil, in part to write off the cost of the technological advancen but the funds to pay for the fuel would stay in the U.S.

Success requires both the know-how of private industry and enormous capital placed at risk. A corporation choosing to make a major entry into synthetic gas or liquid fuel from coal by new technology would have to commit funds in the range of billions of dollars, and decades might pass

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before a return on that investment could be realized. Indeed, such return might never come, so great are the risks associated with unpredictable government decisions on critical aspects. The complete "system" involves a host of private and public organizations that are semi-autonomous and not readily directed by any one body: landowners, mine operators, labor unions, railroads, power generating and water supply utilities, numerous engineering and manufacturing organizations, county and state governments and many, many agencies in the federal government that deal with prices, environment, labor and transport, to name only a portion. It is not difficult to appreciate why we are not moving very rapidly in developing and applying new coal technology.

Few doubt that energy will be more costly in the era ahead. But with a plentiful supply at the higher price level—in contrast to a subsidized, low-priced and low-quantity supply—the United States could prosper, some students of the problem would tell us. If we could bring ourselves to design a national program around the realistic expectancy of a gradually higher price (say, up to twice today's price), we might well discover that private investment would become available and private know-how would be applied to ensure adequate supplies. This would be, of course, because the return on investment would justify the investment. Such a program would require viewpoints by the government and the public differing from the present ones built around the politically popular, but unrealistic and inconsistent, policy that preaches conservation while subsidizing low-priced energy.

FUSION ENERGY

Controlled thermonuclear fusion has the possibility of providing us with cheap and plentiful energy. Many millions of dollars have already been spent trying to understand the underlying physics. It is estimated by most experts that decades will be required before all of the remaining physical scientific and engineering details are worked out sufficiently for this approach to energy supply to be ready for application. It may turn out that it never will prove feasible. The total costs in the start-up phase are in the billions of dollars, maybe in the tens of billions. When we have to speak of funding at such levels, time durations of decades, and major doubts as to basic technological feasibility, we are beyond the boundaries of areas suitable for speculative investment by private entities.

FUTURES

Now what does all this add up to? The high potential for science and technology to benefit the society more and at the same time the difficulty in obtaining the benefits; the inability of free enterprise to encompass more than a fraction of the sponsorship; the limitation on the capability of the government to take over where the private sector cannot provide the desirable advances. What views and policies should we promote as steps to improve the situation?

Let me offer some specific recommendations to the four concerned entities: the free enterprise sector, the government, the universities and the public.

Those interested in preserving the free enterprise system (such as leaders of big business and others who see the free market and the private enterprise concept as valuable routes toward utilization of advanced technology) should accept that ours is a hybrid society. It is not helpful and oftentimes harmful to press so hard, as thes supporters of the private sector often do, for free enter prise to be labeled as the all-encompassing answer to al problems. Free enterprise should be understood as abl only to provide a part of our needs. A creative, cooperativ relationship between the private sector and the govern ment should be sought, and the often present adversar relationship should be eliminated.

Government leaders should recognize the government' involvement in scientific and technological matters to b permanent and set a long-range policy for that involve ment. It should answer such questions as: Which researcl and development areas must the government sponsor, an which are best left to free enterprise? How can th required regulatory duties of the government and the set ting of the rules for free enterprise be handled so as t enhance and not impair national innovative effort?

The government should appreciate the broad impact o science and technology on virtually every importan government decision-making area, and count a healthy scientific and technological effort in the country as vital t the overall national economy. The government shoulc itself be innovative in creating a national environment fo innovation. It should direct its sponsorship in scientifi and technological matters toward the generation of infor mation to remove risks and thus to enhance the contribu tion that can be made by free enterprise.

The government should resist the creating of new government research and development efforts and expen ditures to enhance innovation in private industry. Instead the government should act on the premise that improvec use of science and technology will quickly follow ar improvement in the economy, this improvement charac terized by less inflation, taxes and government spending with discretionary funds for investment in innovatior more available to the private sector.

The universities should teach elementary economics t every graduate, so that at least these members of the citi zenry would understand such concepts as cost of capital return on investment, consumption-investment tradeoffs causes of inflation and the fundamentals of the free enter prise system. The universities also should mount in creased efforts to discover and develop innovative talent.

Furthermore, the research programs in the universitie should be enhanced to include greater emphasis on th relationships between advancing science and technology and the social-political-economic structure of the nation The universities should aspire to be a source of innovative ideas about innovation, including the articulating of alter natives for restructuring the nation's institutions so as t enhance the possibilities of our employing the tools o science and technology to the greatest advantage on behal of the society.

The public would do well to foster neither of the two extreme views: free enterprise alone can do everything best; free enterprise is bad and the government must do everything. If the public is interested in the flexibility, freedom of opportunity, motivation and incentives of free enterprise, then it should recognize that free enterprise can only contribute to the nation's needed research and development if private industry is allowed to generate the necessary funds for investment. "Profits" should be applauded if they are reinvested boldly and wisely for research and development. Finally, the public should get over its anti-technology prejudices. It should decide once and for all that science and technology are not independent, external enemies but the public's own tools, and get on with seeing that these tools are used to achieve the goals the citizens choose.

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IN PRAISE OF SCIENCE

by Philip Handler

For two centuries, concern has occasionally welled up for the societal consequences of one or another technology. But until recently, science itself was viewed by society as an autonomous venture of high integrity whose conduct is best left to science. That wall has been breached, probably forever.

There's been public pressure not to undertake certain studies because of fear that society might not be able to live with the answers gained in investigations.

I cannot easily condone any abridgement of the freedom of scientific inquiry. Historically, freedom of inquiry, like freedom of speech, religion, the press and assembly came to be cherished precisely as the scientific search for truth freed mankind from dogmatic religious and political thought. Scientific inquiry has challenged the dogma of an authoritarian world for 400 years. It has freed men's minds as it has eased their toil. And it was Thomas Jefferson who said, "There is no truth on earth that I fear to be known."

Neither law nor tradition confer an absolute right of freedom from all restraints, but we need accept no constraints other than those found essential to protect other values that we cherish from injury. To use the power of government for the suppression of ideas—ideas that might otherwise flow from research—would take us back to an era of dogmatism. In the long run, it is impossible to stand in the way of the exploration of truth that someone will learn somewhere, sometime. It remains evident that science cannot be planned very far into the future. That we shall be surprised is the only certainty.

The governments of countries that plan central economies plan research and development to accelerate attainments of the societies they already have in mind. We prefer to evolve, to accept a pluralistic approach to our future and to have the multiple instrumentalities of our society—universities, government, industry—engaged in the research and development that they find most appropriate, and then let us all choose, however awkwardly, which of their products to adopt.

We've little understanding of the factors that prompted the extraordinary acceleration of science in Europe two centuries ago—or the subtle circumstances that caused the technological torch to move from Europe to America a century later. Presumably, some blend of the frontier democracy, primitive capitalism and the entrepreneurial talents of a handful of inventors were involved. But we do know that we now live in an overpopulated, competitive, interdependent world that the United States no longer dominates; that many another once-powerful, prosperous, dominant civilization has disappeared; and that even now we are sharing the torch of technology with several other nations.

Few of us can readily believe that the United States could lose its prominent place in the world, as have other nations within our lifetimes. Somehow, we feel that the United States is exempt. And yet to think so is to fly in the face of history. Many nations at the apex of their power were inwardly doomed when their will power began to falter, and therefore we should be most careful about retreating from the specific challenges of our epoch.

Each noteworthy civilization has grappled with the great problem of its time. For the Greeks, it was the organization of society; for the Romans, the organization of empire; for the Medievalists, the spelling-out of their relationship to God; for the Europeans of the 15th and 16th centuries, mastery of the oceans. And for the last two centuries, it has been the scientific understanding of nature and the creation of an industrial society.

For tomorrow, the challenge is to continue these latter tasks. It is to determine how mankind can live in harmony on this finite globe, establish permanent relationships to its finite shrinking resources as well as with infinite space, and to enable achievement of the individual potentials of individual human beings as we reduce the ravages of disease. If instead, intent on a risk-free society, we succumb to a national failure of nerve, if we always heed the nay-sayers, then again Shakespeare will have been proved prescient in his lines: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat; and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

Those lines apply to America in the 1980s. Whatever other policies we follow, we can be unabashedly optimistic concerning the prospects for continuing great discoveries in every discipline of science. And yet we should note that even in science the international position of this country is changing. For two decades after the war, the United States conducted the largest, most powerful, most productive scientific endeavor in history, and it has never been more productive than at this moment. But the economic growth of other nations has enabled them also to develop their scientific potential. Today we constitute perhaps one-third of the world effort, albeit our enterprise still seems somewhat disproportionately successful. But it's clear that the others are rapidly gaining; since the fruits of science are universally available, we should be pleased, not dismayed, by that fact, but only so long as we maintain our own scientific capabilities.

Our current malaise stems from a few bad experiences—from the time-delay in meeting the high hopes and expectations raised in the minds of those who appreciate the great power of science, the force of technology. Those expectations have taken on a new light as science has also revealed the true condition of man on earth. And I see no alternative but to address rigorously the principal questions of science and to use our ever widening understanding or increasingly sophisticated technology with grace and charity and wisdom. We're not omnipotent, but neither are we unwitting foils of powerful forces over which we lack control. We've learned not to seek a perfect world. Our joy must be found in those acts by which we exercise our unique capabilities to eradicate what we abhor and to promote that which we value and cherish. I retain my faith that the science that has revealed the most awesome and profound beauties we have yet beheld is also the principal tool that our civilization has developed to mitigate the condition of man.

Dr. Handler has been President of the National Academy of Sciences since 1969.

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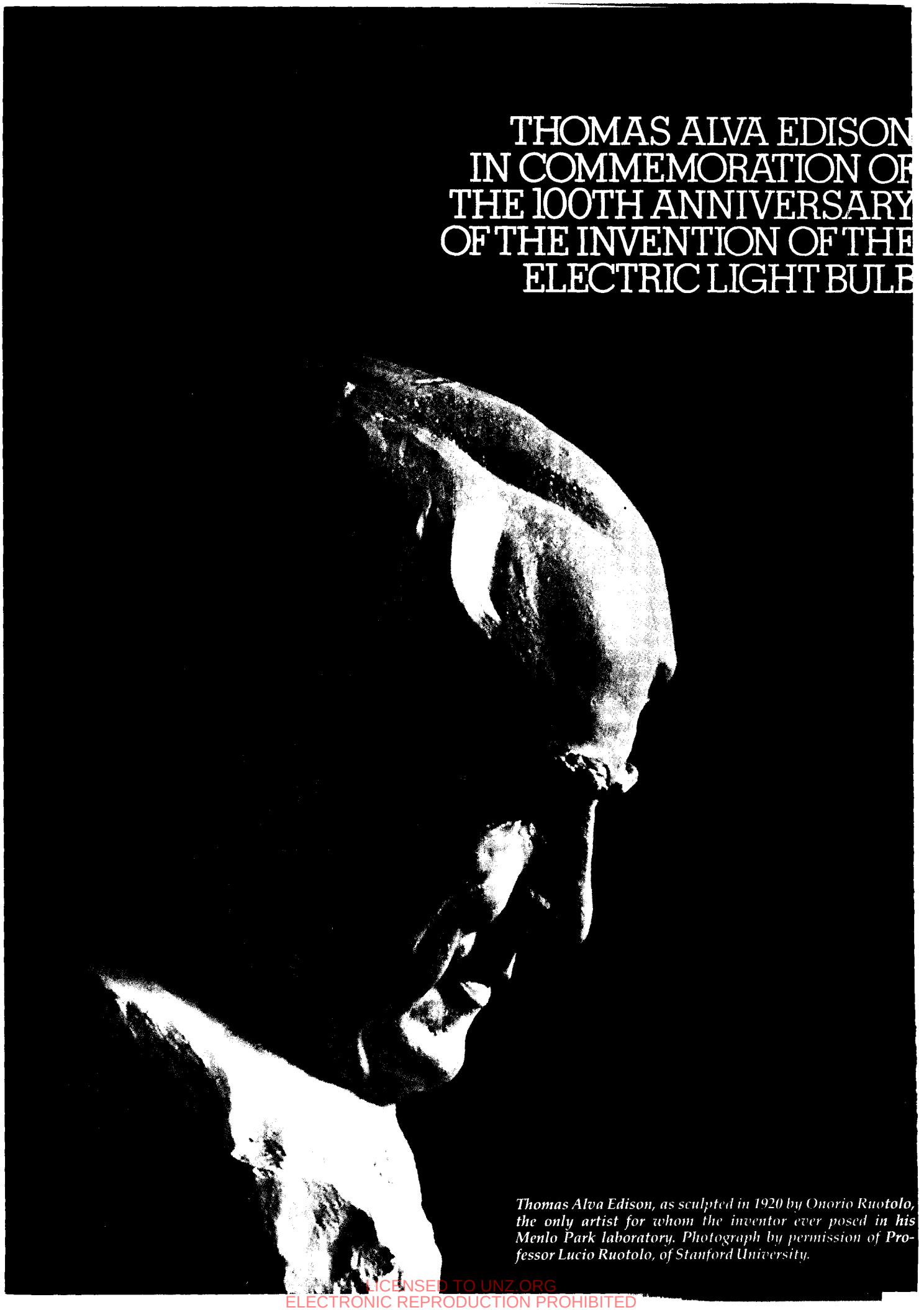
THOMAS ALVA EDISON
IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INVENTION OF THE
ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB



Thomas Alva Edison, as sculpted in 1920 by Onorio Ruotolo, the only artist for whom the inventor ever posed in his Menlo Park laboratory. Photograph by permission of Professor Lucio Ruotolo, of Stanford University.

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ARKES

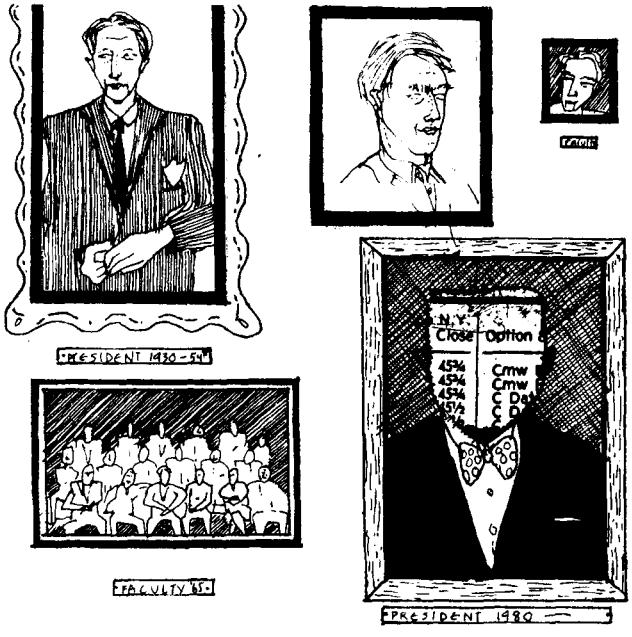
(Continued from page 1210)

might have to turn, in a time of trouble, to someone "in the world" seemed to confirm the old image of the college as a cloister of unworldly reflection. which has to be protected—and managed—by its worldly sons. The symbolism seemed to suggest that the campus could not sustain its own sovereignty, and for some members of the faculty it seemed to confirm the dependence of the life of scholarship on a commercial society that exists outside the academy.

It is a lasting mystery why so many professors are so distrustful of a body of alumni whom they themselves have shaped. The alumni form a rare species that might be called "disinterested partisans": they are loyal to the College, they support it generously, and they ask little for themselves. They care intensely about the College because they think they were improved by it, and they provide a large reservoir of collective memory of the way things were done well in the past. In a real sense they behave like members of an extended family, and they cannot understand why sons should be disenfranchised in the family simply because they took jobs in another town (especially when they keep sending money home).

For some members of the faculty one suspects, at worst, a certain distrust of people who have not been under the continuous influence of the campus—people who may not find persuasive the rationales by which the campus has been content to manage its affairs. But on the other hand, there are proper grounds on which to doubt that anyone from business, without experience in the academy, can possibly hold his own in the presidency of a college today.

The problem of the businessman here may be reflected in the disabilities that have afflicted many of the estimable men who have served on the Board of Trustees. The Amherst Board has included over the years men of large nature, like John M. McCloy and Eustace Seligman. Even now it is composed of people who are drawn from substantial places in American corporate business and law; and yet, for some reason, the Board in recent years has been remarkably timid in pressing and defending its positions. Whether the issue concerns investment in South Africa or the question of co-education—or even the procedures for choosing a new president of the College—the Board seems incapable of commanding the dialogue. It often moves from peremptory, impolitic pronouncements to lame defenses and then, finally, to genteel statements of surrender.



The members of the Board are worldly and urbane people; a number of them are my personal friends, and I respect their judgments more often than I respect the judgments of many colleagues on the faculty. But then why are these men so enduringly on the ropes? Why can't they put their critics at a disadvantage by forcing them to carry the burden of making a principled argument and facing the weaknesses in their own positions? Why can't they be more successful in disarming their critics by providing persuasive reasons for what they are doing?

The Professor's Advantage

The short answer, I think, is that there is very little in the lives of these men in corporate business that gives them practice in the arts of republican politics. They do not make their livings by cultivating the skills of dialectic; they do not spend their days facing challenges from opponents or skeptics, which would force them to take special care in framing their arguments in a compelling and politic way. They are not, in brief, schooled in the art of rendering justifications.

In contrast, some professors spend their working days in settings that are closer to combat conditions. They think little, then, of challenging these men of business to come before the faculty—to meet in a political forum on the campus—and give an account of themselves. When the Trustees accepted one of these challenges years ago, they did not fare well, and many of them began to lose their stomach for these encounters. One can hardly blame them, and yet one can only wonder whether the same disadvantages that afflict corporate men in these roles would also render them unfit for the presidency of an enterprise that is closer to parliamentary politics than to the management of a corporation.

Perhaps a present-day college would be served, even so, by a president drawn from outside the academy. But the deeper problem of governance in a college can be satisfied only by a person who has a perspective on the ends of education, and who has, beyond everything else, a capacity to impart that perspective. In the nature of things, this kind of understanding and this kind of skill are not cultivated by a life spent in another trade. For better or worse they are most likely to be cultivated in the academy.

The president of a college must be a man who can make himself understandable to men of affairs outside the academy; but the odds are that this position is not likely to be filled these days by anyone drawn from an executive position in business. And that is the melancholy problem for Amherst and other colleges: they very much need to annex to their own lives the perspective of a world outside the academy; and yet anyone drawn from the world of business is not a good bet to preserve the authority of the office he fills. □

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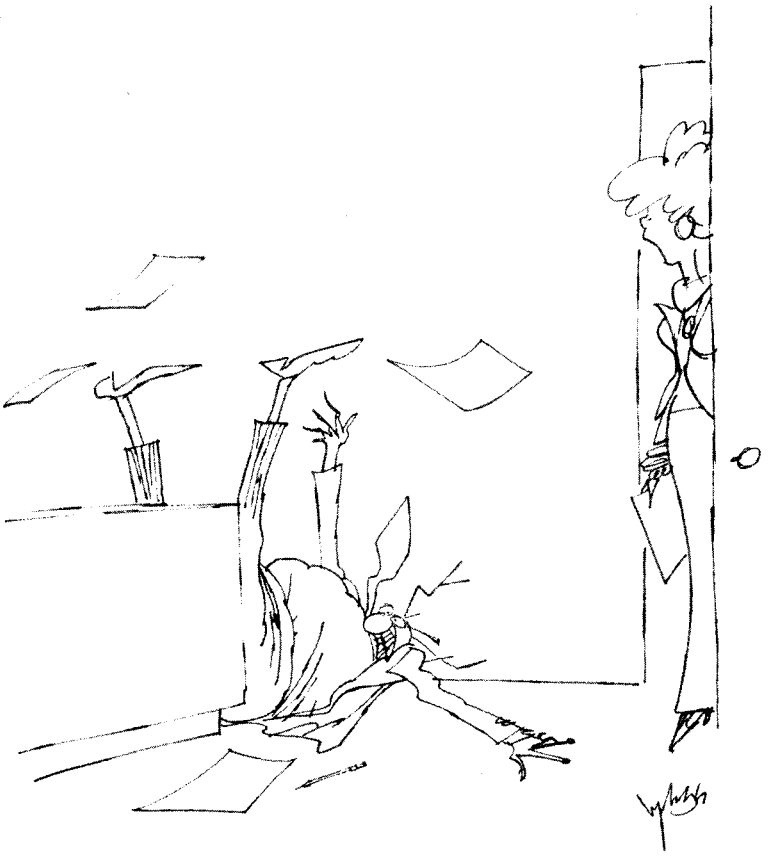
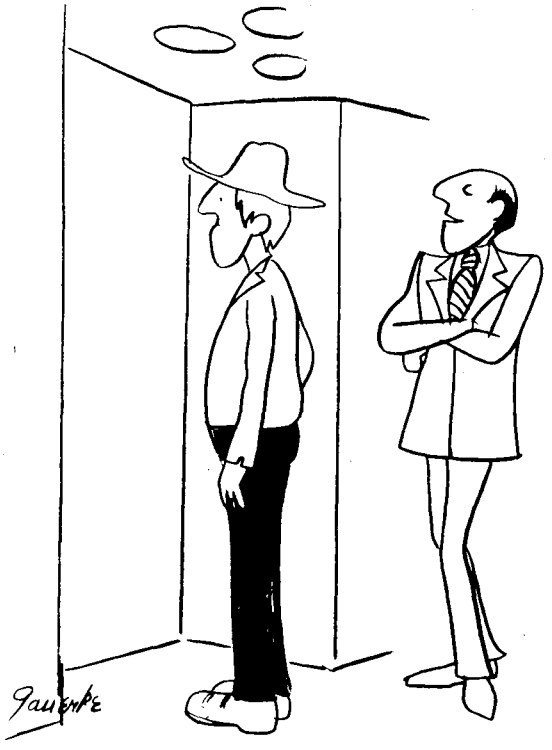
help !!!



"Your chair was recalled . . ."



"If they seem a bit expensive for jeans, it's because they're from our Gloria Vanderbilt designer line."

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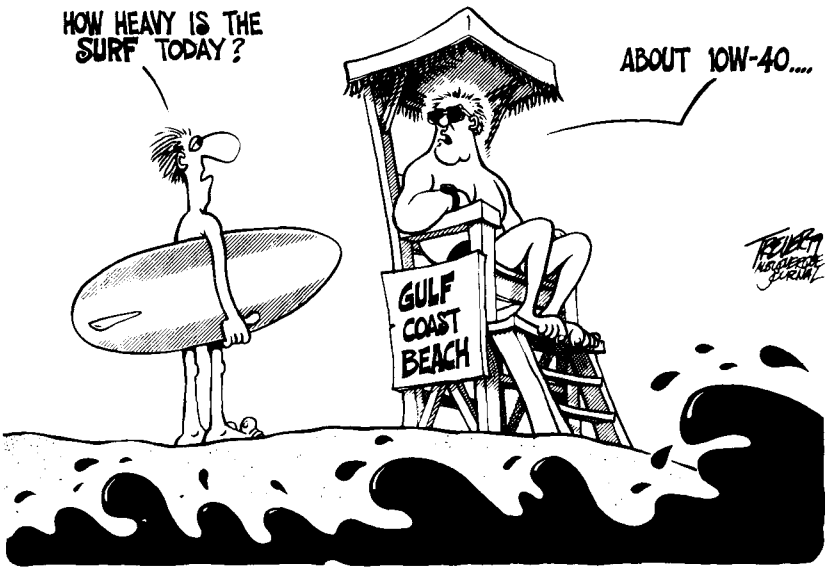

Of Ratio and Proportion

Carter has trouble with voters;
Congress has trouble with Carter;
Defects are found in big motors;
Arms merchants bicker and barter;
Dollars drop, prices keep soaring;
Criminal mobs band together;
Cities need drastic restoring . . .
And what do we gripe at? The weather!

CORINNA MARSH

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THE CAMPUS

The Sixties Revisited

STEVEN E. LANDSBURG

IN THE EIGHTH week of classes, the quarter is old enough for the collective restlessness of the students to be palpable, and young enough for that restlessness to be indulged without interfering with anyone's preparation for his final exams. This and the nice weather at the University of Chicago spurred the search for a Cause, and the fact that Robert McNamara was to receive an award on campus for his contributions to "international understanding" filled the bill. A half dozen other Causes would have done at least as well—after all, most of those who embraced this one were too young to remember McNamara's policies as Secretary of Defense and/or too ignorant to be aware of his policies as head of the World Bank. (This was neatly underscored when the student newspaper ran a series of educational pieces explaining just who this Robert McNamara was and why he merited derision.) But a Cause had been selected, and a combined Demonstration/Picnic in the middle of the quad at lunch hour on a beautiful day drew an unsurprisingly large crowd.

In some ways, it was a good approximation of the Sixties. The kids milling about were, by and large, as vapid as their brothers and sisters had been ten years earlier, and the ridiculous middle-aged professors who joined them managed to recreate their own ridiculous youth as accurately as the advancing years would allow. In other ways, it was a good approximation, if not to the Sixties, then to our collective revisionist memories—wasn't it always spring in 1968? And weren't finals always a comfortable number of weeks away?

But it wasn't *just like* the Sixties. Something very important was missing, and it took me a while to figure out just what it was. The immediacy of the draft was missing, and that made a huge difference; but something more tangible was missing too. I suddenly remembered: tear gas. It wasn't 1968 without tear gas. Having recognized this omission, I began to mourn it.

WHAT ASPECT of the whole affair had caused me so much distress? It was certainly not that I hold any special brief for Robert McNamara. I was moved not so much by the idiocy itself as by the *willfulness* of the idiocy. These people did not care to be informed; they did not care to be intelligent; they did not care to be consistent. A few examples:

1. One of the strongest points which the leaders of the "Movement" had made during the weeks preceding the main event was that the University of Chicago is an academic institution and ought not be in the business of making awards for non-academic accomplishments, or even of judging the merits of such accomplishments—such judgments being outside the area of its expertise. The emphasis of this point was one of the stated purposes of the rally, whose organizers invited no less an expert than Jane Fonda to address them on the subject of her personal assessment of McNamara's merits.

2. McNamara came under heavy fire for his pursuit of what is now viewed as a futile war policy. No recognition was given to the fact that David Dellinger (who addressed the rally and was warmly received) had labored hard throughout the hallowed Sixties to *make* that policy unproductive.

3. The intellectual precursors of the people of the quadrangles were outraged by the obviously inflated casualty figures which issued forth from the Administration of which McNamara was a part. Those same casualty figures, trotted out in support of the charge (or, more accurately, the epithet) that McNamara was a "butcher," are now accepted as gospel, and the leaflets are full of authoritative information as to the number of millions of deaths for which he is personally responsible.

I come away from all of this with the same unpleasant feeling that I always have after conversing with a women's libber, and it is occasioned by the same thing. There are fairly objective (and fairly technical) methods available for measuring the level of discrimination against women in various markets; the "feminists" of my acquaintance will not become familiar with these methods. They will not do so because they really don't care to what extent (if at all) there has been discrimination; they will fight it anyway. The battle matters, and the slogans matter, and the truth doesn't matter at all.

None of this is a digression. It says a lot—though not all—about the sources of my chagrin on Demonstration Day. There may be more personal reasons for this chagrin as well. I I marched on Washington in 1968, and I wish that I hadn't. The failure of others to learn from my mistakes is a source of frustration. But that is a minor point, and there is also a major point: these people will not learn from their *own* mistakes (indeed, many of them were there in 1968 and did *not* learn from their own mistakes). They will not learn from their own mistakes, and they will not learn from anything, because they do not want to learn, and they do not want to think, and they do not want to know. It is almost devastating to find this attitude at the University of Chicago. This campus has been the home of over forty Nobel laureates; today the quadrangles echo with cries of "No award to imperialist butcher!"

There are moments when I think that I take all of this too seriously; after all, a lot of those people were out there for the sun and nothing more (one "protestor" carried a sign that said, "Hi, Mom"). But these people, and people like them, will demonstrate, and will vote, and will change the course of history, and will do it with utter contempt for truth and for all of the principles for which this University stands. It is pure anti-intellectualism in one of its least pleasant forms, and it is rampant. □

Mr. Landsburg is an instructor in the Department of Economics at the University of Chicago.

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The Assassination Committee Controversy

I. The Current Chief Counsel's View

David Belin's piece, "Kennedy's 'Second Assassin': The $6-Million Myth" (April 27), is right out of Lewis Carroll. Like the Red Queen, he apparently believes in verdict before evidence. When he read a newspaper report on December 29, 1978 that the House Select Committee on Assassinations had concluded that there was a second gunman in Dealey Plaza shooting at the President, he knew "the truth [was] to the contrary. There was no second gunman."

I find it difficult to understand how Mr. Belin could be so certain of his facts if he had not reviewed the evidence on which the Committee based its judgment. And he could not have so reviewed it then, for it was not finally published until the middle of July 1979.

When I accepted the position of Chief Counsel to the Select Committee in June of 1977, I restudied the 1964 Warren Commission Report and closely examined its 26 volumes of supporting documents, and I did not reach a personal judgment about the validity of the Warren Commission's work until the Committee had completed its investigation.

It is useful to review the irresponsibility of Belin's piece. First, Belin suggests the acoustical experts hired by the Committee are "so-called" or "purported" experts. Had he reviewed the Committee's record, he would have found that the expertise of our acoustical witnesses had been repeatedly accepted in court, including in the Kent State prosecutions and the analysis of the Watergate tapes.

Second, Belin suggests only one gunman was "seen." Here he misleads his readers with a half-truth. A variety of witnesses *heard* the sound of shots from the grassy knoll, including a Dallas Police Department officer and a Secret Service agent in the motorcade. In addition, a young couple on the knoll dropped to the ground when the third shot came from behind them, since they knew they were in the second gunman's line of fire. Other witnesses saw traces of smoke rise from the treed area, from which the acoustical experts say the third shot was fired, from behind a wooden fence.

The Warren Commission was unwilling to credit this testimony in 1964, since it could not then be corroborated. The acoustical evidence developed by the Committee in 1978 provides that corroboration.

THIRD, BELIN does not believe that the tape records sounds from Dealey Plaza. Why, he asks, are crowd noises not audible? Because the microphone was mechanically insensitive to them. Why are sirens not heard immediately after the assassination? H. B. McLain, the officer with the stuck mike, did not leave the Plaza with the motorcade; the sirens appear on the tape at the point when he catches up with it on the way to the hospital. Why are chimes heard on the tape? The officer's mike did not have exclusive control over the police receiver at headquarters. Other mikes, if they had stronger signals, could also record sounds on the tape.

Having asked questions about the other sounds on the tape, Belin leaves his readers with the suggestion that the stuck mike may have been elsewhere, but he does not offer an explanation of how four shots were recorded over the mike. No one has suggested that someone was shooting somewhere else in Dallas that day. Moreover, the acoustical "fingerprint" of the four shots (the echo structure of the supersonic bullet and the muzzle blast of the gun in the urban environment of the Plaza) is unique, as "scientifically irrefutable" as handwriting analysis or as the ballistics evidence he relies on in incriminating Oswald. For the sound recorded on the tape to have been recorded from somewhere other than Dealey Plaza, the other place would have had to look exactly like Dealey Plaza. No two places have the same echo structure.

Fourth, Belin says there is no "positive corroborating physical evidence" that the motorcycle was in the right place at the right time. Wrong. Photographs of McLain in the right place at the right time appear in our hearings (Vol. V, pp. 704-20).

Fifth, Belin suggests that Oswald would not have fired at Kennedy at Z frame 195 as he must have, according to the acoustical evidence, since a large oak tree would have obstructed his view. Several points need to be made here. Belin misleads his readers when he speaks of a "tree." (Apparently, also, he has never seen a child run behind a picket fence. While the child is "obstructed," he can be clearly seen as he runs; the mind's eye fills in the details.) In any event, the acoustical evidence, in fact, points to the area around Z frames 185-88, not 195, as the time of the trigger pull of the sec-

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ond shot. The Warren Commission Report (p. 101) prints a photo of a break in the *foliage* at Z frame 186. Belin is wrong again.

Sixth, Belin suggests that the two shots (numbers three and four) are really one shot and its echo. Here the question of expertise is relevant. What Belin is really saying is that the experts confused an acho with a primary sound. The only trouble with that suggestion is that shot number three from the grassy knoll cannot be an echo of shot number four from the Depository, since primary sounds do not follow, they precede, their echoes.

SEVENTH, Belin complains that he was not permitted to testify before the Committee in public session. Several points need to be made. Belin was given an opportunity to appear in executive session or by deposition. If he had chosen to do so, he could have made his deposition public. The Committee decided not to call Belin as a witness in a public session because it felt that he offered little to the Committee. He had already written a book, which he had forwarded to the Committee and the staff. (I read it.) In addition, his testimony about the basic facts of the Kennedy assassination was second-hand. The Committee preferred to get its facts first-hand.

Eighth, Belin offers a theory as to why the Committee went wrong: he blames it on the staff, and says that the Committee's work was conducted in secret. Several points need to be made.

I have been associated with the work of congressional committees for almost twenty years. No committee that I have ever worked with was more democratic, more knowledgeable, or more in control of its own processes than the Select Committee on Assassinations. Indeed, the Select Committee was more democratic, more knowledgeable, and more in control of its own processes than was the Warren Commission. I make that judgment after a two-year study of the Warren Commission.

Belin's secrecy comment is ironic. The Warren Commission held one day of public hearings. Belin, who was Executive Director of the Rockefeller Commission, was not able to persuade his own Commission to do much better. In fact, the Select Committee held almost forty days of public hearings on the evidence gathered in its two-year investigation of the Kennedy and King cases, where the Committee's work was open to public scrutiny.

The Committee's investigation was not held in public for reasons that are only too obvious. The reputations of many men, living and dead, were at stake. The Committee had a duty to evaluate its evidence before it was made public. Belin knows the character of many of the allegations in the Kennedy case. Even the irresponsible ones had to be checked out—but preferably confidentially. Would he have had the Committee do otherwise?

Finally, it is ironic that the area that Belin complains about most was, in fact, largely conducted in public. The tape and its preliminary evaluation became public in July 1978 at the time of the Committee's re-funding. The acoustical reconstruction in Dallas in August 1978 was done with the media held back, but nonetheless present. The September public hearing was the first cut at analysis of the August acoustical evidence. The work was finished in October and November; it was made public in December. The Committee's processes were deliberate and largely public in the crucial area.

Lastly, Belin grumbles that the Committee "suddenly" made up its mind at the last minute. The Committee had the basic acoustical evidence in July. It knew *then* what it portended. It all depended on what the final verdict of the scientists was. That came in November. When should the Committee have made up its mind, except at the end, when all the evidence was in?

—G. ROBERT BLAKEY

II. A Former Warren Counsel Replies

I have read Professor Blakey's response to my April 27 article. I regret to say that not only is Professor Blakey in error, but his errors have been incorporated in the permanence of the majority Report of the House Select Committee on Assassinations—a report which was in large part written or edited by Professor Blakey. I also believe that if I had been afforded the opportunity to appear before the House Committee in an open public hearing, as I had been promised, most of these major errors might have been avoided.

Blakey asserts, "I find it difficult to understand how Mr. Belin could be so certain of his facts if he had not reviewed the evidence on which the Committee based its judgment. And he could not have so reviewed it then, for it was not finally published until the middle of July 1979."

Blakey's assumption is wrong. I had my own experiences, notes, and records from first-hand interviews and interrogations of the key witnesses to the assassination, from my personal involvement with the Warren Commission as one of the two lawyers charged with the responsibility of determining who killed President Kennedy and who killed Officer Tippit. Furthermore, unbeknownst to Blakey, I had an opportunity to see the preliminary draft of the final Report of the Committee, as of December 1, 1978, in which it found no second gunman and no conspiracy. At that point virtually all the evidence had been received by the Committee, except the added testimony of two additional acoustical experts who testified at the end of December and enabled Professor Blakey and his staff to have the congressional Committee reverse its findings.

Moreover, Blakey's phrasing, "if he had not reviewed the evidence on which the Committee based its judgment," proves the ultimate conclusion which I reached in my article: the Committee majority based its conclusions largely upon the selectivity of evidence presented by the Committee staff in secret meetings.

For instance, although the Report mentions the testimony, taken by the Warren Commission, of some witnesses who were not still living at the time of the House Committee investigation, the most important eyewitness of all concerning the invisible second gunman was nowhere mentioned in the final Report. This witness was Lee Bowers Jr., who was working in a railroad tower, approximately 14 feet above the ground, just to the north of the grassy knoll area. Bowers had a perfect view of the place from which Professor Blakey's invisible second gunman supposedly fired a gun at President Kennedy.

Nowhere in the Committee Report

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is there any mention of the fact that Bowers was looking toward the area behind the picket fence at the time of the assassination and saw no gunman. Nowhere is there any mention of the fact that a gunman would be unlikely to fire from that location because he could so readily be seen by people in the area, such as Bowers.

Instead, Blakey talks about witnesses seeing "traces of smoke" in the area. Here, the contrast between the House Assassination Committee Report and the Warren Commission Report is most telling. The Warren Commission Report specifically mentioned both the main witness, S. M. Holland, who testified he saw a puff of smoke in the area, and Bowers and the witnesses who searched the railroad yards just to the north of the picket fence immediately after the assassination and saw no suspicious activity. (Pages 72-76, Warren Commission Report.)

IN CONTRAST, the House Committee Report speaks only about the puff of smoke and ignores Bowers' testimony, as it ignores the testimony of other witnesses who immediately searched the area behind the picket fence.

Congressman Edgar, in a dissent from the Committee Report, refers to this and also notes that Holland not only claimed that he saw a puff of smoke, but in his initial affidavit also claimed that "after the first shot, the Secret Service man raised up in the seat with a machine gun and then dropped back down in the seat." We know this is inaccurate because nothing of this kind was recorded in the Zapruder film. This portion of the Holland testimony, which undermines the accuracy of his observations, was deliberately omitted from the Committee Report.

There are other glaring omissions. For instance, much of the conspiracy sections of the House Committee Report is speculation. The chief subject of Professor Blakey's speculation is Jack Ruby. Yet the Committee did not even ask to interview Rabbi Hillel Silverman, who visited Ruby in his jail cell once or twice a week after the assassination and who, on the basis of his intimate conversations with Ruby, is absolutely convinced that Ruby was in no way conspiratorially involved in the assassination of President Kennedy.

Blakey complains that I refer to his acoustical scientists as "so-called" experts. The reason I apply "so-called" is that the data upon which they based their conclusions is faulty. As Congressman Sawyer said in his dissenting statement:

> It would appear to me that there are far too few, if any, established or verifiable facts in this entire acoustical scenario . . . As a committee, we were presented with the expert acoustical testimony which I have described by three experts who were all in agreement with each other, one of whom had somewhat inexplicably drastically modified his earlier testimony to conform with that of the other two, . . . an exercise in simple mathematics.

Let us turn to the question of the absence from the Dictabelt tape of noises that should have been recorded if there had been a stuck microphone on a motorcycle in Dealey Plaza. I will not repeat everything I said in my April 27 article. The most important fact is that the Committee Report is silent on the inconsistency of its conclusion of a stuck open microphone on a motorcycle with the fact that the Dictabelt did not record the noise of the motorcycles in the motorcade revving up immediately after the assassination as the motorcade accelerated and sped off to Parkland Hospital. As pointed out in the dissent by Congressman Sawyer:

> The transmitter which was stuck on "open" position, the transmissions of which are recorded on the Dictabelt, were on Dallas police channel 1, whereas the entire motorcade, including of course all of its escorting police, was guarding and transmitting on the specially assigned Dallas police channel 2, so we must make the initial assumption, in accepting the validity of the acoustical testimony, that the officer on whose motorcycle the transmitter was located was tuned to the wrong channel. In light of the known possibilities of human error, this would perhaps be acceptable if the transmission in question had occurred in the early stages of the motorcade. The transmission with which we are concerned, however, occurred virtually at its end and therefore one is required not only to accept the occurrence of such human error, but also its tenacious persistence throughout the entire motorcade during which time the officer on whose motorcycle it was located would for some reason have to remain oblivious to the fact that he was not receiving the rather continuous talk on the motorcade channel. . . .

The officer who has been identified

"Do you have the same thing in Château Lafite?"

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by the committee staff as the rider of the motorcycle on which the stuck transmitter was located has testified that he was in fact guarding the correct channel, namely channel 2, and denies that he was equipped with the stuck transmitter.

The same officer, together with other police officials located near the presidential limousine at the time the shots were fired in Dealey Plaza, all agree that sirens were activated, and motorcycles and other vehicles were subjected to emergency acceleration within not more than a few seconds following the shots' having been fired. No change in the rhythm or intensity of the motorcycle noise appears anywhere on the relevant Dictabelt. There is no audible sound even resembling sirens until a full two minutes following the last of what is interpreted by the acoustical experts as the shots.

The Committee Report tries to find an excuse for there being no sounds of sirens, but it does not say anything about the absence of the noise of the motorcycles revving up.

All of the other allegations of Blakey's letter can be answered on a point-by-point basis, and I intend to do this at an appropriate time. However, perhaps the best summary of the reason underlying the major errors regarding the second-gunman and conspiracy theories appears in the concluding portion of the dissenting views by Congressman Edgar (pages 488-502, House Committee Report):

> I believe that exhibit "A" will clearly demonstrate a rush to conspiratorial conclusions. You will note three sets of black-letter findings. The first, in column 1, was presented to the committee for its consideration on Monday, December 18, 1978 [the date of the draft was December 13, 1978]. It was on that Monday that we met in executive session to discuss our findings and come to our final conclusions. It was also that Monday when Weiss and Aschkenasy interrupted our session to share their final report. Less than two weeks later, on December 29, 1978, we met in public session to review the report finding. . . .
>
> I believe the Members of Congress did not have sufficient time or expertise to ask the tough questions. I believe the committee failed to properly consider how much weight to assign this evidence due to our own limitations of time and familiarity with the science. I believe we rushed to our conclusions and, in doing so, overshadowed many important contributions which other aspects of our investigation will have on history. We did a great job up to the last moment, when, in our focus on the acoustics, we failed to give proper weight to other findings of the investigation.

I regret to have to make such a harsh analysis of the Committee's work, because a major portion of its efforts was of high quality—in particular the detailed medical analysis of the wounds to President Kennedy and Governor Connally. Had I had the opportunity to testify, I believe that I could have materially aided the members of the Committee, by preventing them from relying too much on the work of their staff, and in any event I could have brought to the attention of the Committee and of the public the importance of witnesses such as Lee Bowers and Rabbi Silverman. I could have also shown the Committee the fallacies and inaccuracies underlying the data and assumptions used by the acoustical experts for their tests, including the false assumption to which I referred in my April 27 article.

I have no quarrel with Blakey's statement that the Select Committee on Assassinations was democratic, nor do I quarrel with Blakey's statement that members of the Committee are "hard-working." However, Blakey writes that no congressional committee that he has ever worked with was more "knowledgeable, or more in control of its own processes . . ." This underscores the ultimate problem to which I referred in my article—the problem of the excessive reliance on congressional staffs operating in secret. Congressman Edgar specifically admitted that the "Members of Congress did not have sufficient time or expertise to ask the tough questions" and that the Committee, when it performed its flip-flop in the last two weeks of December 1978, "rushed to our conclusions."

I do not believe that these mistakes would have occurred if there had been more open public hearings, and so I stand by what I have previously written: "It was the staff that basically led the Committee to reach its erroneous second-gunman conclusion."

—David W. Belin

Solzhenitsyntax

Leninsults score Moscow mimes;
The situation's grave.
They've cooled the Mausoleumpteen times;
The Corpse just won't behave.
The Stalin crypt's astir, I fear,
With murmurings elliptic;
"A bullet suits the brain, my dear"—
Old Joe was ever cryptic.

The boys with all the better Marx,
And Lenigrades so Trotsky-high,
With Party manners like a shark's,
And Stalinspiring ways to die,
They couldn't find the Gulaguts
To Commiegun a dissident,
GPUll the trigger, cure with butts,
A single Archipelagent.

—Johannes Eff

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Advertisement

The Lazy Investor's Way to Beat Inflation

How to enjoy meaningful investment returns with minimal risk and effort

by Thurman L. Smith

Are your investments giving you average annual returns of at least 20%? If not then you are probably losing money.

For what counts in any kind of investment is your net real return after adjusting for inflation and taxes. And in these days of double-digit inflation and higher tax brackets many investors are, sadly, getting little or no real net return.

The Need for High Returns

You can get a satisfactory real net return if you get a sufficiently high gross return. But the kind of return needed today is larger than most investors usually succeed in getting over the long-haul. In today's environment many people need gross returns of about 20% to get real returns of around 8%.

If your investments haven't been doing this well don't feel alone. Very few investors, individual or professional, get average annual returns this high over a sustained period.

The Need to Minimize Risk and Effort

Of course there are those who do. But there is usually a catch. Often they assume levels of risk that most people would not accept Or they chose investments that require much time and effort. Such as managing an income property. Or doing the substantial research necessary to have even a slight chance of doing well in the stock market.

Now I don't know how you value your free time, but I happen to consider standard working hours to be a sufficient amount of time to be distracted from the really meaningful things in life—like enjoying one's self. So I'm not interested in any investment that's going to require a lot of time.

And I enjoy a good night's sleep too much to tolerate any investment that's highly risky. Is there any approach to personal investing that has a good chance of providing above average returns while demanding less than the usual amount of risk and effort?

The Ideal Investment Method

In fact there is a proven approach to investing that has been able to provide these advantages to the few who know about it. Individuals using one of several variations on this approach over the last ten to twelve years have averaged annual gross returns of over 20%. You are probably aware that returns from stock market averages during this period have been virtually nil. So they must be doing something right.

And yet their holdings do not experience the high volatility typical of investments providing better returns. And unlike a side business, real estate or tangibles, their chosen medium is very liquid. And these investors never pay a cent in commissions.

Best of all for someone as lazy as myself, these investors have hardly anything to do to secure such excellent growth. They know how to put people with proven investment skill to work for them in effect for free. And they spend very little time at it. The information they need to make effective selections and keep current comes to them in the mail for a modest charge.

They also enjoy many more conveniences than are available from any other form of investment. Such as automatic reinvestment of dividends for the accelerated effects of compounding. Or, if they need cash flow, automatic withdrawal programs. And they have no bookkeeping to do because regular statements are provided.

The system they use has to be the most sensible way possible for the individual interested in real long-term growth. You can enjoy this approach too. You don't have to be already wealthy to use it. And although I happen to have an MBA in finance let me assure you that you don't need any special training or aptitude to understand and use this system.

What you do need is the full story about this great way to build a nest egg (or keep the one you already have from shrinking). Up to now there hasn't been any single source of information that covers every aspect of this approach. This need is now satisfied with my recently published book titled, naturally, **The Lazy Investor's Way to Beat Inflation**. In it I outline in detail a system that draws upon the best aspects of existing methods and the results of my own investing experience. It has everything you need to know to get started and carry out this satisfying way to invest.

How the System Works

The system has three major elements:

The Vehicle. The system uses a popular investment medium that has the advantages and conveniences described earlier. These vehicles are managed diversified portfolios that allow you to participate in growth opportunities without doing the work or having to have the large worth necesary to have a portfolio as effective as the best of the available vehicles. My book explains how to find and select the most promising of these vehicles.

The Strategy. However well you select these vehicles it is seldom possible to get sufficiently high gross returns from simply buying and holding them. The secret lies in knowing when to buy, when to sell and when to buy back again. The object is to enjoy high growth during most of favorable market conditions and let you keep your gains by converting to safe high-yielding cash havens during most of poor market conditions. The result is an overall average return that is far superior to what most investors get. My book outlines an easy-to-follow intermediate-term trading strategy that has provided these superior returns.

Information and Guidance. A large part of what makes this system so easy is the availability of convenient sources of information that can help you both select the best vehicles and make effective trading decisions. My book describes in detail all currently available sources and how to use the best of them to get superior results. All you need to do to carry out this system, after reading the book of course, is to spend a few minutes each month reviewing one of the suggested advisory services.

It is also possible, with a little more work, to get most of the information you need for free from a library. My book explains how to use these sources also.

How to Get Started

If your investment horizon is at least five years and you have at least $1,000 of investable funds then you should have a copy of **The Lazy Investor's Way to Beat Inflation.** Of course I cannot guarantee any minimum return. But past results and the sound theory underlying the program afford you a high probability of success.

I can understand if you are a little skeptical. How could any system of investment be able to provide such a good ratio of reward to risk and effort? The best way to understand how is to let the book speak for itself.

So I am offering my book on this no-risk basis: Order a copy now and review it carefully. It will clearly explain why this system is likely to give you exceptional returns. It will reveal the many ways risk can be controlled. And it will show you how easy this system is to carry out. If you don't agree that the program outlined in the book is as promising as I describe it here, then return the book undamaged within two weeks and I will promptly send you a full refund.

Actually I am sure that you will agree that the program is both eminently practical and exceptionally promising. In fact I am certain that you will look back several years from now and consider one of the best investments you ever made to be the $10 you paid for this book. Order it now and join those who are too smart to handle their money in any way other than that which is both so likely to succeed and so easy to carry out.

To receive your copy of **The Lazy Investor's Way to Beat Inflation** just write the words 'Beat Inflation' on any piece of paper and send it and your check for $10 to me, Thurman Smith, 419 Boylston St., Rm. 312 B, Boston, Mass. 02116. Your book will be sent promptly.

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POMPOSITIASIS

The Sage's Progress

SAMUEL PICKERING JR.

THERE IS a class of ailments which, like the indiscretions of youth, are considered too commonplace to be delved into in the medical journals. Yet these ailments—the occupational hazards, such as tennis elbow and housemaid's knee—are often far from trivial, and, as a survey of academics from Maine to California would reveal, one of them strikes at the very heart of our intellectual life. In the paneled halls of ivy there lurks—pomposity.

Rarely fatal, this virus usually leads to a comfortable mental state in which the sufferer becomes quite inaccessible to thought. What the disease lacks in virulence, however, it makes up for in epidemic proportions. Even the brightest, most blue-eyed and fit, young instructor eventually slows, swells, and sickens. No antidote has yet been found for the malign effects of being treated as a sage by undergraduates. The belief that one is Delphic gets under the skin, enters the bloodstream, and becomes incurable.

The disease progresses gradually, going through a series of easily identified stages. The young assistant professor begins to become highly susceptible as soon as his first book meets with friendly critical nods. Giving the lie to the old adage that clothes make the man, the sufferer strides into pomposity's deceptive sartorial stage. Paunching slightly with confidence, he wraps himself in a tattered Afghan coat in winter and lets his toes wiggle through the slits of Rhodian sandals in summer. When reversed, his paisley tie delivers a full-fisted, eyelid-bruising message, matched in its rough whimsicality only by his lavender shorts. To the outsider this would seem to be a young man on the way out. But to the cognoscenti, this is clearly a man on the way up. They know that it is but a short step from romantic Afghan to Brooks Brothers herringbone. Bronzini and Sulka will soon hang from his neck in tasteful grey and blue. The sandals will languish in the closet while those sweet harbingers of spring, Whitehouse and Hardy wingtips, will escort a new associate professor to that tenured land where scotch and water purl against the ice like the Afton flowing gently to the sea.

Not long afterward, our subject becomes "funded" and flies away for a year in the British Museum. A penchant for Gauloises and Harvey's amontillado and the appearance of The Book mark the disease's inexorable progress. After the return from Bloomsbury, *Vanity Fair* prints of willowy John Whistler and languid Lord Leighton decorate the sufferer's office walls, while the poster celebrating the annual rattlesnake roundup in Sweetwater, Texas curls forgotten in the waste can. On the title page of The Book, L. Stafford Brown rises newborn from the ashes of Leroy Brown Jr.

Alas, the university is not an abode of unmixed bliss. Before our sufferer answers the great call from above and rises to the eminence of a named chair, he almost inevitably becomes aware of his illness. While browsing in a bookstore, he hears a student confuse him with Balaam's inelegant long-eared beast of burden. At a colleague's Christmas party, he overhears the pert helpmate of a junior member of the department compare him to that befeathered creature whose cackling saved Rome from the Gauls. Awareness of his illness sweeps down upon him, and he vows to take a cure.

Unfortunately, diagnosis is easier than treatment. Several remedies are available; but, although each may bring a temporary remission, none can completely eradicate the disease. First our sufferer grows long sideburns and begins frequenting the society of the young and ill-informed. With enthusiastic *joie de vivre*, he puts off the old and selects a new wife from his seminar on the Age of Reason. Sadly he discovers that ignorance charms only at a distance. The days when he could burst from bed to greet the sun like a morning-glory are over. Before the bottoms of his bright new jogging shoes wear thin, his wife decamps. The joggers join the sandals in the back of the closet.

And our sufferer's Indian summer of heartiness is over. Elevated to the departmental chair, he ignores the petty world scrabbling below and nods into greying dignity. Pomposity brooks opposition no longer, and the professor becomes a wonderful old boy in whose presence ideas flap heavily and fall to the ground like dying swans. Alumni recall his incompetence fondly.

ON THE CAMPUS, stories describing his terse "uh-huhs" and thoughtful "ums" abound. His enrollments swell as gentlemanly B's are bestowed with grand largesse. While students dream of girls as sweet as sugar candy, the old boy puffs his pipe, rolls his r's, and discusses the Immortal Bard's "ring of rightness." Time seems to doze until one long noon when pipe smoke gathers about the professor like cumulus clouds rolling to a storm. Suddenly there is a puff and he is gone. Some say he went above and now sits near the Great White Throne. Some say he went to a warmer place. Others say that he never left, and that his spirit still haunts the university.

Whatever the truth may be, the L. Stafford Brown Reading Room is duly dedicated. One wall holds an eighteenth century mahogany and rosewood bookcase, on the shelves of which are displayed samples from the professor's collection of paperweights. From above the mantlepiece, a mantlepiece on which Dr. Johnson once rested a weary elbow while expostulating with Boswell, stares the professor himself. He is portrayed walking across the Cotswolds. Sheep frisk behind him, while in his right hand he carries The Book. In his left hand he holds a pipe. There are always students drowsing in the room. Soon it is known as the Cave of the Old Sleeper. □

Mr. Pickering has taught at Dartmouth and the University of Jordan in Amman and now teaches at the University of Connecticut. He is the author of The Moral Tradition in English Fiction, 1785-1850. *His essays have appeared in* Sewanee Review, Georgia Review, *and* Virginia Quarterly Review.

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Sense and Nonsense

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

AMONG THE university and college presidents of this land, certain waves or cycles may be discerned. From causes in part conjectural but in part probably unknowable, in one decade there arises a set of college presidents drawn from among retired generals and admirals; in another decade, from among men of finance and commerce and manufacturing; in yet another time, from among men of natural science; and so on, and on. Once upon a time, most college presidents were clergymen; we may see a day when nearly all of them are lawyers.

Now, these waves or classes of college presidents vary widely in talents and character. It is my considered judgment that the worst set of college presidents took office shortly after the end of the Second World War—though of course honorable exceptions occurred during that era. People like James Bryant Conant, Clark Kerr, and Milton Eisenhower rejoiced in the prospect of a mass society, and aped the methods of American industry, misapplying mass production to the concerns of the mind.

But that generation of university educationists is passing; and one hopes that the now-emerging types of university and college presidents will be men possessed of imagination and resolution sufficient for an age of retrenchment, reform, and hard decisions. Permit me to contrast one specimen of Old Breed with one specimen of New Breed.

At Michigan State University, East Lansing, last June, John Hannah, President Emeritus, addressed the graduating class. He had been president of MSU for 28 years; he was president when I was an undergraduate there. Also he had accepted various government sinecures from time to time. In his honor, MSU is endeavoring to collect very large sums of money to endow John A. Hannah Professorships. Why in his honor? Because during his tenure of the university's presidency, enrollment increased from six thousand students to more than forty thousand students. There's glory for you.

I found Mr. Hannah's commencement address of some interest, though neither because of the quality of its ideas nor because of the quality of its prose. Rather, it was a good sample of the muddiness of the minds, generally speaking, of Hannah's generation of college presidents.

He was concerned with the survival of 1979's graduates, Hannah told his audience; they must adapt themselves for life in 1999 (mystical year!). What did he mean by "survival"? Why, survival is "the need to be constantly a part of the world in which you live . . . the need for belonging with others, of knowing who they are, and what they are, and how they interact with each other."

People in Cambodia, Vietnam, Uganda, and Nicaragua nowadays find that "survival" means something rather different from John Hannah's definition. But the President Emeritus was not unmindful of foreign lands—didn't he build branches of MSU in Africa and Asia?—for next he turned his eloquence to the subject of foreign languages.

"We Americans will never be able to get along with people unless we can talk to them and listen to them with understanding," he declared, in a burst of originality, "and that means in their own language." He did not mention that he had pretty well smashed the language programs at MSU during the early years of his tenure there. I can recall, during my own student days, the enforced departure of MSU's sole instructor in the classics.

LANGUAGE, he instructed his auditors, is one of four areas in which young Americans must learn to "adapt." Another "area" is economics. "How will we deal with those who produce and sell and buy in ways different from ours?" A third area is geopolitics: "We are now learning, when we stop at a gas pump, more about Riyadh, Kuwait, and Qatar." The fourth area calling for adaptation is the ecology: "It will cost your generation a lot of money to understand and solve the problems of the environment." Just so, what with educationists of John Hannah's stamp having turned out dulled wits for decades.

But only a glutton for punishment could bear to linger over such a mass of clichés—and erroneous clichés, at that. Let us turn for relief to some remarks by Gustavo A. Mellander, President of Passaic County Community College in New Jersey. Mr. Mellander was addressing a subcommittee of the U.S. Senate, rather than a host of glad graduates.

Now Gustavo Mellander is a strong-willed reformer college president who took a collapsing community college with no academic standards at all and made a decent and hopeful institution of it, in short order; I have sung his praises on this page once before. Mr. Mellander was invited to tell the Senate's subcommittee on education, chaired by Senator Eagleton, how best they might spend another $54 million from the federal treasury "to improve basic skills."

"Let me propose something slightly different," President Mellander said to the subcommittee. "Take the $54 million, put them in a bag, and throw the bag into the Potomac River. It will do just about as much good—and significantly less harm.

"You don't have to spend yet more millions to improve education. Private schools are providing better education for less money than the public ones. Isn't it curious that education in this country has gone downhill during the very time there were gigantic expenditures of federal and state dollars?

"Let's not establish yet another layer of bureaucracy and government programs. Don't do it. Don't waste the money.

"I would submit that this Committee, this Congress, and this Government can best serve education, not by spending more money, but by becoming public advocates for high academic standards and by reaffirming the need for strong educational authority."

Thus John Hannah, enthusiast and lobbyist for enormous "educational" boondoggles, utters folly to the end. Thus Gustavo Mellander, undismayed in a sea of ignorance, flings back the fatal gifts. An era of decadence, one needs to remember, often is followed by an era of renewal. □

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Assemblages

Da Vinci's Bicycle: Ten Stories
By Guy Davenport
Johns Hopkins, 185 pp., $12.95

HUGH KENNER

"Whazzamallarya?" was how the ear of the late E. C. Segar registered the attempt of a Japanese-trained larynx on "What's the matter with you?" A man curious over words and gifted in isolating their expressive gestures, Segar understood that men rarely speak in words: rather, in phrase-long utterances which scribal hands learned to analyze into words only after men had been speaking for a million years. The space was the last letter of the alphabet to be invented. It demarks word from word, in the same way as zero—another fundamental invention—demarks powers of a number base. Before they had the space at their disposal, scribes traced across the parchment an unbroken phonemic tune, just as they heard it: ANDRAMOIENNEPEMOUSA: *Tell me, Muse, of that man.*

Having lost the strangeness of such a discovery, we say, "Tell me in simple words," as if there were any.

In the spoken language there is no such thing as a word. Just so, in fluent nature, there is no such stuff as aluminum, or oxygen, or one green pine needle. When you are shown a sample of any of these you may be sure it has been isolated from the rest of nature by an intervening human technology: thumb and finger to separate the pine needle from its fascicle, Alcoa's megavolts to coax the aluminum free from its oxide. A single word—*phalanx, citron, scum, corpse*—excerpted from the continuum of utterance is not more remarkable an isolate.

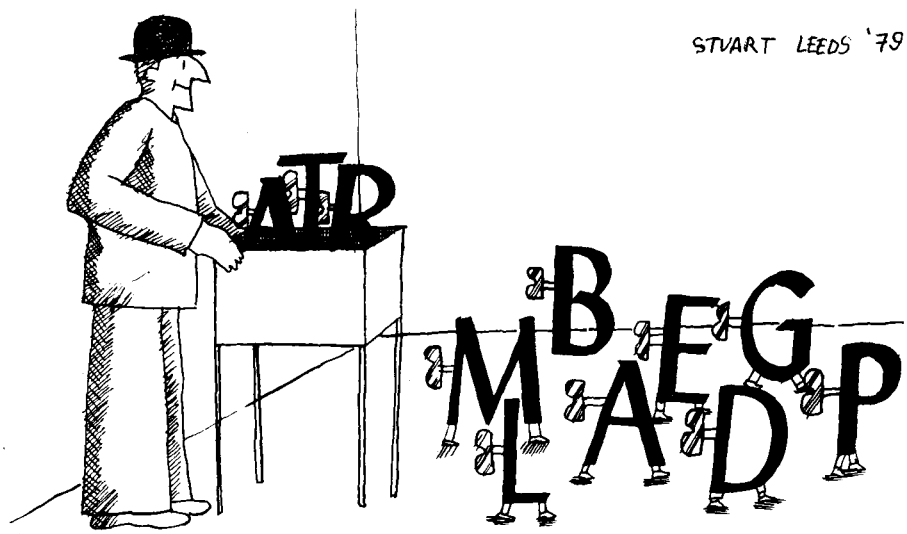
Every tourist who has learned a foreign language word by word is dismayed when the natives have not the grace to pronounce the separate words, but run them all together. Any interesting derivation from this fact entails either the ebullient naïveté of a Segar (he drew Popeye, if you remember, and endowed us with coined words—goon, jeep, Wimpy) or else the sophistication of a Guy Davenport, a man with four degrees who has schooled himself for years to write simple sentences.

"Here, chittering down the boulevard Raspail in her automobile, is Miss Gertrude Stein of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, a town she has no memory of at all and which no longer exists, and of Oakland, California, where, as she will tell you, there is no there there. . . .

"Here she honked her klaxon at a moustached and top-hatted old type crossing the Raspail like a snail on glue, who cried out *Espèce de pignouf! Depuis la Révolution les rues sont au peuple!* Whereupon she honked back at him *Shave and a haircut, two bits.*"

"Chittering" is in *Finnegans Wake*, where James Joyce in applying it to the noise of waters nearly persuades us he invented it, although Chaucer had used it for the cry of a swallow. Here it is the plucky tut-a-tut of an early Ford. "There is no there there" is sense enacting senselessness, the way the *Mona Lisa* pretends to be a coat of paint. "Honk" is thought to have been invented by Henry Thoreau to enact the cry of wild geese. "Klaxon" was a trade name, another brilliant invention. For "type" see a French dictionary, but do not let it mislead you into saying *teep*. "Shave and a haircut, two bits," was not what French ears heard—they heard the raw klaxon—but what Miss Stein's American ears heard her klaxon saying.

These sentences are alive from end to end, and it is relevant to reflect that



David Evanier *is a critic and novelist residing in New York City.* . . . **James Hitchcock** *is the author of* Catholicism and Modernity: Confrontation or Capitulation? . . . **Hugh Kenner**, *professor of literature at Johns Hopkins, is the author of numerous books, including* Joyce's Voices. . . . **James P. McFadden** *is the editor of* The Human Life Review.

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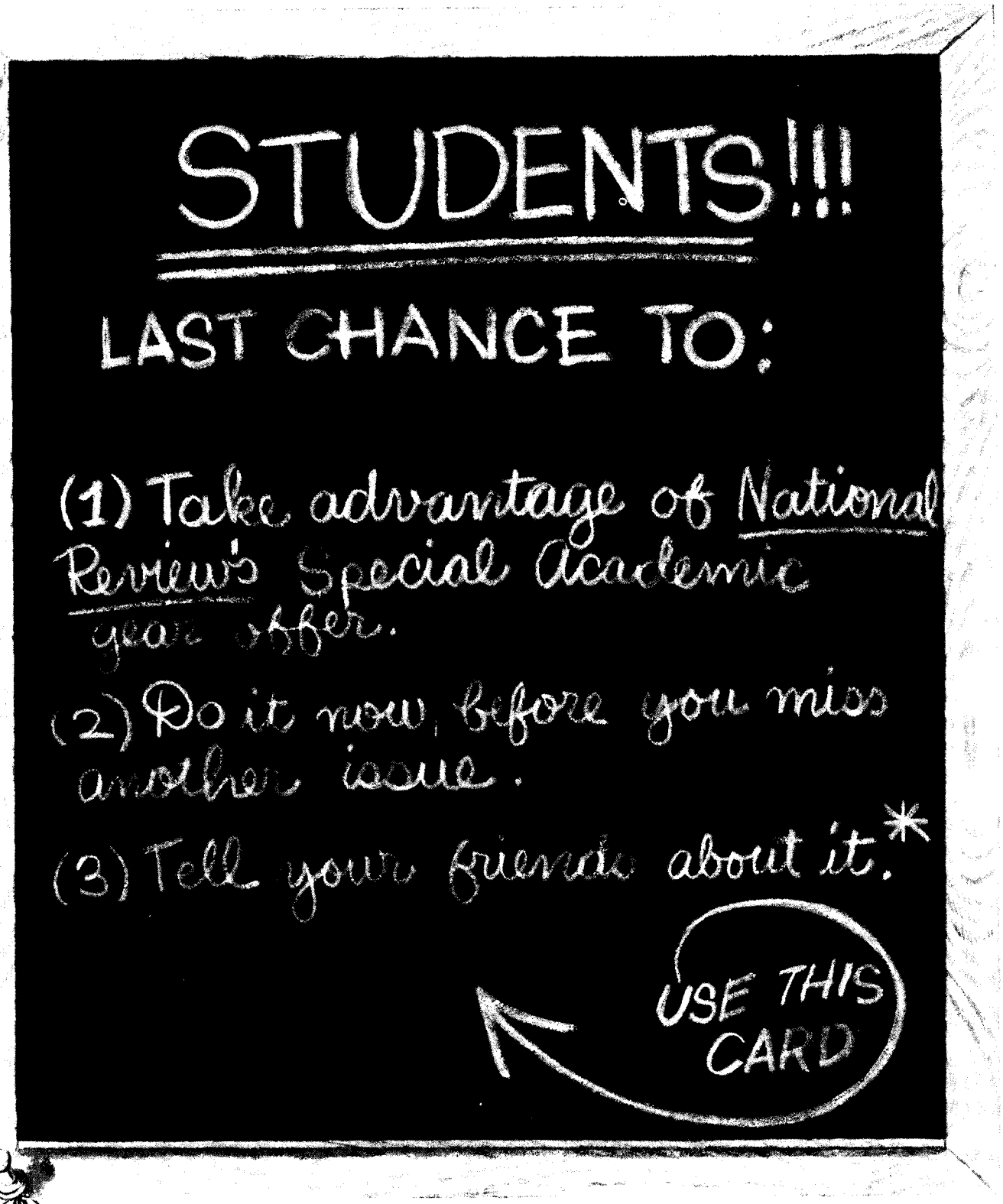
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RANDOM NOTES

■ More September Titles: *The Right Stuff* (Farrar, $12.95) is Tom Wolfe's long-awaited book on the early astronauts. The title has already been expropriated in a thousand ways and places, but the book itself looks like a honey. . . . James Baldwin has a new novel ready, called *Just above My Head* (Dial, $12.95), in which the protagonist is a gospel singer. Well worth a look.

Randall S. Peffer spent a year with the fishermen of Chesapeake Bay. The area produced a splendid book a couple of years ago called *Beautiful Swimmers*, but, as the historian Allan Nevins used to say, there is always room for another good book on any subject. This one is titled *Watermen* (Johns Hopkins, $12.95). . . . Speaking of historians, Oscar Handlin of Harvard explains in *Truth in History* (Harvard, $17.50) how to be a conscientious one. . . . His colleague across the hall, or quad, John Kenneth Galbraith, has collected some of his essays under the heading *Annals of an Abiding Liberal* (Houghton Mifflin, $12.95). Unhappily, untruths are the most abiding things there are.

A few more September novels include *Passion Play* (St. Martin's, $10.95), by Jerzy Kosinski (about a professional polo player who travels around America in a mobile home), and Nadine Gordimer's *Burger's Daughter* (Viking, $10.95). This last looks rather tedious.

Jacques Cousteau's *Jacques Cousteau: The Ocean World* (Abrams, $45) is a lavish photographic production, but let your local library fork over the dough.

■ It Warms Our Heart Dep't: Tammy Wynette, with Joan Dew, has written her autobiography: *Stand by Your Man* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95). There's hope for this country yet. (To be published in October.)

Homer had not the words with which to write them. They are written out of a curiosity about separate words that is distinctly modern. Its unarguable presence dates from as recently as the time of Gustave Flaubert, who wrote French like a foreign language and made it seem natural. That way of writing, the way of high modernism, is as much our special possession as perspective drawing was the specialty of the Renaissance.

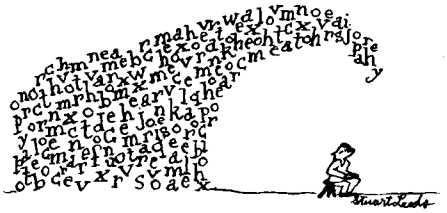
"We came over the sands at Kitty Hawk, our huffer and zinger made of iron with feet that kicked in its heart where lightning burst the blood of blue grandfather scum rotted and gunked from the time of the chicken lizards. Our wings were made of cloth.

"Our wings were made of splinters and knitten flax, our eyes were another's, and nothing was wholly right for shape and go. We could rock in rising and settling like a hornet, ride like a bee, but the figure eight of the wasp, or a clapfling proper, we could not do."

—The Wright brothers speaking, as though constrained to assemble sentences as they did their Flier, having at their disposal no such factory-made components as "piston" or "combustion chamber" or "oil." So might they have had to explain their achievement to Daedalus, confronted by chance in a time-warp.

I have been quoting from "Au Tombeau de Charles Fourier," the central "story" of *Da Vinci's Bicycle*, where the method is especially accessible. The words are assembled into paragraphs, each contained in just four lines of type, a kind of stressless metric. But the paragraphs do not build to tell a story; story-telling is oral, its sounds seductive, singing, chanting, coming out of the dark. Not telling a story that way, or sometimes only pretending it is being told that way, is part of the logic of modernism. No teller of tales would speak the final sentence of Flaubert's *Trois Contes*: "*Comme elle était très lourde, ils la portaient alternativement.*" That final word was excerpted from a dictionary.

"Ten stories" is the publisher's description of *Da Vinci's Bicycle*. Davenport's own word for what he makes is *assemblages*. His paragraphs array and elaborate discrete themes: the Paris of Miss Stein and Picasso, the anatomy of the wasp, the myths of a Dogon cosmologist, the Wrights, Charles Fourier; also the young photographer Jacques-



Henri Lartigue, and Da Vinci drawing a bicycle (as he did). All are found actualities. All are foragers, enamored of the particulate. All make up worlds out of innumerable acts of perception. And all are themselves made on these pages out of words, more than half of them monosyllabic, the way Seurat made large intricate pictures out of little spots of paint.

Nothing attracts Guy Davenport like a world almost impossible to imagine, requiring reconstitution atom by atom: a world for instance in which "scum rotted and gunked from the time of the chicken lizards" is ignited by pulsed lightning in the heart of a plane, or Richard M. Nixon of Whittier, California visits what was once the Middle Flower Kingdom and pronounces, "I think you would have to conclude that this is a great wall."

Or Leonardo, imagining how his *due rote* would balance: "The forward motion stole away any tendency to fall right or left, as the flow of a river discouraged a boat from wandering. If only he knew the languages! He could name his machines as Archimède would have named them, in the ancient words. He called his flying machine the bird, *l'uccello*."

(We have in our spare-parts bin the word "bicycle," contrived from ancient words. We have not Da Vinci's connoisseurship of "Meadow grass from Fiesole, icosahedra, cogs, gears, plaster, maps, lutes, brushes, an adze, magic squares, pigments": hard to say if that's a list of words or a list of charmed objects.)

And we are to imagine how Davenport imagines Leonardo imagining a future for his two-wheeled machine: "Suddenly he saw the Sforze going into battle on it, a phalanx of these *due rote* bearing lancers at full tilt. *Avanti O Coraggiosi, O!* the trumpet called."

Imagine. But we cannot imagine more than we are, and even Davenport's personages are all oblique self-portraits, even the Richard Nixon who utters banalities in China, a thing we are all of us doing much of the time. The most remarkable is the voice of the last strict fantasy, Robert Walser of Biel, who has experienced the world as widely as Odysseus—has even seen William James "talk so long with his necktie in his soup that it functioned as a wick to soak his collar red"—and having fol-

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lowed a severe curriculum is a graduate butler (read professor of English) on the premises of a Mack Sennett count (supply any university), and assembles memories and bizarre observations and writes above the final blank space, "But let us desist, lest quite by accident we be so unlucky as to put these things in order."

There is an order which is death, placid in brains wherein thousands of words have died, and people suppose that they know what they are saying when they say (Richard Nixon said it), "The world is watching us." Five little words. And who knows the meaning of "The"? □

A Bend in the River
By V. S. Naipaul
Knopf, 278 pp., $8.95
North of South
By Shiva Naipaul
Simon and Schuster, 349 pp., $10.95

HEART OF DARKNESS

DAVID EVANIER

Here are two books of high purpose by two West Indian brothers. Shiva is 13 years the junior of V.S. This is V. S. Naipaul's eighth novel and 15th book. Shiva Naipaul has written two novels and some excellent short stories. Their new books both treat of the same subject: the Asian outsider in Third World African countries. Their terrain is the same on other levels as well: they find madness, tyranny, chicanery, the very cheap cost of human life, corruption, inexplicability at every turn—in short, the human condition just underneath the cloak of leftist or nationalist rhetoric. Both books reflect a feeling of hopelessness and despair about the Third World.

Shiva Naipaul's *North of South* is a book of travel through Kenya, Tanzania, and Zambia. It reads as if it is bursting with the need to expand (and contract) into a novel. It lacks the mercy and objectivity of fiction, yet it is written, brilliantly, with a novelist's eye and ear. V. S. Naipaul, meanwhile, has written an austere novel whose strengths (vivid atmosphere, historical and political knowledge, parody) are occasionally swallowed up by its novelistic failures (nebulous, archetypal characters; a narrator who is primarily an observer, a conduit for Naipaul's vision; lack of dramatic action). Its clarity is in its reportage, not in its fiction. Shiva shouts and rages, V.S. whispers and implies.

V. S. Naipaul's social novel cannot entirely transcend its (self-imposed) limitation of a dull narrator, Salim, a Muslim of an Indian family. He is a merchant in a small settlement town in a nameless African state. He has recently traveled there to set up a shop. The state has gone through independence from colonial rule and a semi-tribal civil war. When he arrives, he learns that the east-coast town he has traveled from (and where his family has lived for generations) has been destroyed. He is now truly rootless.

Shortly after Salim has settled down in his shop, while the town is slowly being rebuilt, a second rebellion begins: an orgy of self-hate, similar in spirit to the "time of madness" that followed independence:

> . . . But they had hated the town for the intruders who had ruled in it and from it; and they had preferred to destroy the town rather than take it over.
>
> Having destroyed their town, they had grieved for it. They had wished to see it a living place again. And seeing it come to a kind of life again, they had grown afraid once more.
>
> They were like people who didn't know their own mind. They had suffered so much; they had brought so much suffering on themselves. They looked so feeble and crazed when they came out of their villages and wandered about the town. They looked so much like people needing the food and the peace that the town offered. But it was people like them, going back to their villages, who wished to lay the town low again. Such rage! Like a forest fire that goes underground and burns unseen along the roots of trees it has already destroyed and then erupts in scorched land where it has little to feed on, so in the middle of destruction and want the wish to destroy flared up again.
>
> And the war, which we had thought dead, was all at once around us. . . .

This is V. S. Naipaul's rare strength: his particular knowledge, compassion, and psychological insight into the region.

Compare this to Shiva Naipaul's embittered conclusion about both blacks and whites in Africa:

> . . . Neither was worth the shedding of a single tear: both were rotten to the core. Each had been destroyed by contact with the other—though each had been destroyed in his own way. Black Africa, with its gimcrack tyrannies, its Field Marshals and Emperors, its false philosophies, its fabricated statehoods, returns to Europe its own features, but grotesquely caricatured—as they might be seen in one of those distorting fun-house mirrors. As for Western civilization, that had aborted almost from the beginning. . . . Hopeless, doomed continent!

In *A Bend in the River*, V. S. Naipaul's key metaphor is this:

> If you look at a column of ants on the march you will see that there are some who are stragglers or have lost their way. The column has no time for them; it goes on. Sometimes the stragglers die. But even this has no effect on the column. There is a little disturbance around the corpse, which is eventually carried off. . . .

The final paragraph of the novel makes this metaphor concrete. The steamer upon which Salim is fleeing the country has three levels of human value: one for the privileged, one for the less privileged, and then, "for passengers who were least of all," there is a barge attached to the steamer: "tiers of cages on a shallow iron hull, the cages wire-netted and barred, the wire netting and bars dented and twisted, the internal organization of the cages hidden, lost in gloom, in spite of the sunlight and the glitter of the river." When gunners attempt to board the steamer, the barge is snapped loose and set adrift:

> The searchlight lit up the barge passengers, who, behind bars and wire guards,

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as yet scarcely seemed to understand that they were adrift. Then there were gunshots. The searchlight was turned off; the barge was no longer to be seen. The steamer started up again and moved without lights down the river, away from the area of battle. The air would have been full of moths and flying insects. The searchlight, while it was on, had shown thousands, white in the white light.

This vision of Africa's heartlessness, of the unchanging strata to which the people in each new elite consign those below (and resonant now with our knowledge of the fate of the boat people), is at the very center of the vision of both Naipaul brothers. (Note the superiority of the ants: at least in that metaphor there is a "little disturbance around the corpse.")

With the crushing of the rebels by the ruler's army of white mercenaries, the full consolidation of power by the "Big Man" (as V. S. Naipaul calls the "president for life") is effected.

While few of the characters and relationships in V. S. Naipaul's novel really come to life—although the "Big Man's" white leftist house intellectual, Raymond, is shrewdly drawn—the Big Man himself, about whom we learn indirectly, is chilling. His deliberately obscene rhetoric in three-hour radio harangues, proving he is a Man of the People, makes the crowd roar; and Salim's African servant, Metty, who is listening with concentration, "laughed without opening his mouth."

The Big Man nationalizes and "radicalizes" the country, and Salim loses his shop and is forced to flee—the beginning of his nightmare steamer journey.

I AM CONVINCED that Shiva Naipaul cannot write a dull sentence. *North of South* is a very funny and clever book, its satire Waugh-like in its precision and ferocity. But something is awry. Shiva Naipaul, after all, comes from different places than Waugh, and his disgust with Africans seems at variance with a novelist's control. The whites get it too, of course, but the balance seems skewed: the only character to get off Shiva Naipaul's wrathful hook is a white hotelkeeper—and for reasons oddly sentimental and vague.

North of South doesn't pose the problems of accessibility for the reader that *A Bend in the River*'s muted prose sometimes does, but its broad strokes and rampaging wit raise some questions about the overall picture. Shiva Naipaul's tooth-gritting rage at the cant, the leftist ideologues, the bigoted white expatriates is unobjectionable—indeed, unfashionably honest and desperately needed. The book's 349 pages, however, do not uncover one intelligent black—and just the one aforementioned white.

Here is the tone from the beginning: upon his arrival in Kenya, Naipaul discovers his luggage is missing, and an officer asks him:

> "What airline did you come by?"
> "Air Zaire."
> He looked at me pityingly. "That is bad," he said, "very bad." . . .
> "Very bad," the first official confirmed. "You may as well forget all about it."

As in *A Bend in the River*, modernity and change have not affected basic matters: the rogues and fools continue their unfettered course. There can be little argument here. But Shiva Naipaul goes further:

> Zambia's finances are so bad that the salaries of civil servants are often in arrears; the university is unable to buy books to stock its libraries. . . . Zambia imports everything because it can make nothing. Most of the copper trinkets one sees for sale are processed abroad and reimported into the country. Foreign exchange is frittered away. . . .
> Expatriates staff the mines, the medical services, the factories, the technical colleges, the universities. Without them, the country would fall apart. Zambia makes nothing; Zambia creates nothing. The expatriate lecturer in English waved apologetically at the handful of books, perhaps half a dozen, on the library shelf.
> "There," he said: "that's it. That's all the Zambian literature there is."

These fulminations undercut the impact of the book, as do the scores of vividly unflattering portraits. Though they are often extremely arresting, the feeling remains that on some level the author is practicing a pre-judgment, a selectivity, that precludes any honest or intelligent soul from appearing in this mass idiocy.

What remains with the reader is Shiva Naipaul's explication of African prejudice toward Asians (interrelated with the African worship of everything white, reaching even to sending their children to schools in Kenya with all-white teaching staffs). White popularity manifests itself in all things, including a particular admiration for Rhodesia and South Africa. There is no question of exaggeration here, and it may be the source of the author's overall rage at Africa. The Asians are clearly the Jews—or the blacks—of Africa. They are held responsible for everything that is wrong. When Shiva Naipaul chooses one taxi over another, the other taxi-driver rushes over and shouts: "That's the trouble with you Asians. You want to keep Africans poor. You don't want us to have anything. You want it all for yourselves."

SHIVA NAIPAUL is particularly good at dissecting "socialist, progressive" Tanzania, with its hypocritical officials, secret police, goose-stepping army, semi-starvation, persecution of peasants, and thought police in a publishing house. In a wonderful scene at the publishing house, he asks:

> "What about the intellectual development of the individuals who make up the society?"
> "I do not understand what you mean by intellectual development," Nduga Mussa said. "Is it another of your bourgeois notions?"
> The American girl smirked. "He wants starving people to like opera and ballet and read Proust. That is what he means."

Throughout his trip he finds rhetoric taking the place of an unchanging reality:

> Words, words, words. . . . In Tanzania, where performance consistently negates intention, where every commodity is in short supply, the socialist revolution is being built with words. . . . "We are at war," the Minister for National Education declares. But at war with whom? With what? With capitalist exploitation, of course. With imperialism. With neo-imperialism. With fascism. . . .

The brothers Naipaul arrive at precisely the same destination.

It should be clear that these two greatly gifted writers, whatever the specific flaws of these two books, are each contributing in his own way to the dissemination of truth and light about a little-understood part of the world. Bless them both. □

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The Heretical Imperative
By Peter L. Berger
Doubleday, 220 pp., $9.95

THE LIBERAL IMPERATIVE

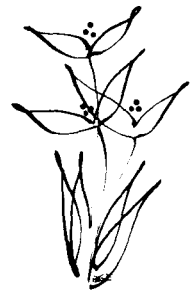
JAMES HITCHCOCK

For most of the 1970s the Rutgers sociologist Peter Berger has been identified with various defenses of traditional religion, or, perhaps more accurately, with attempts to demythologize the accepted dogmas of modernity. He has pointed out, for example, that traditional religious belief has been rendered "incredible" not so much by being disproved as by finding itself in a situation where it lacks strong social supports. Hence unbelief itself becomes a kind of unexamined assumption. Last year Berger criticized certain influential theologians (Langdon Gilkey and David Tracy) for courting the people Berger called the "religiously tone deaf." However, Berger has also stated that "the heresy which would describe my beliefs has not even been invented yet." That was fair warning, and in his newest work he reaffirms his essential commitment to religious liberalism as the only valid approach to belief in the modern world.

BERGER divides religion into three categories—the deductive, the inductive, and the reductive, according to the source of authority each accepts. The deductive is neo-orthodoxy, principally represented by Karl Barth, which accepts the truth of religious tradition and the authority of revelation. The inductive is liberalism, represented by its founder, Schleiermacher, which takes human experience as the unavoidable starting point of all belief. The reductive, which Berger gives short shrift, is a corruption of the inductive whereby religious experience is reduced to something else—politics, psychology, art, etc.

Although admiring of Barth, Berger ultimately finds his approach unpersuasive. It is based, he thinks, on some intense religious experience or insight, or on the memory of such. It is therefore open to several objections, most importantly the question of how one particular experience can be accorded absolute authority in the face of many such experiences, all clamoring for ultimate status. Berger also considers the term "neo-orthodoxy" significant—it is not possible to ignore the relativizing experiences which have made the orthodox revival necessary. Faith cannot be a given for modern man, as Barth insisted it was.

Berger turns to the works of Rudolf Bultmann for an example of the reductionist impulse. If Barth's error was to accord faith an unquestioned status, Bultmann's was to accord the same status to the "modern mind." How does Bultmann know, Berger tellingly asks, that modern consciousness is not in certain ways inferior to earlier kinds of consciousness? Yet the reductionists will insist that only those parts of religion are valid which the modern mind can somehow affirm.



Berger is not insensitive to the flaws of religious liberalism. An optimistic faith, it generally has been nurtured in times of prosperity and stability, whereas neo-orthodoxy gained credibility in the crisis atmosphere between the two world wars. Historically, religious liberals have had trouble determining exactly what makes Christianity important or unique. There is the constant temptation of the slide into reductionism.

In the end, he argues, there is no alternative to religious liberalism, defined as taking human experience as the starting place. Berger is anti-reductionist in that he is certain that human beings do have authentic experiences of transcendence, which he is even willing to call the supernatural. But he also insists that only human experience is a valid basis for faith.

Although he seems to intend a theory which would be applicable to religion in general, it can be wondered whether Berger's book is not finally relevant mainly to Protestantism. It has little to say about Judaism, whose time-honored division into Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform would seem to be obviously relevant. There is nothing about "paleo-orthodoxy"—Eastern Christianity—which has never had to undergo a revival because its original faith was never lost. The three categories Berger has chosen also have only limited applicability to Catholicism. Catholic orthodoxy has never rested on Barthian fideism but on the positing of a "natural theology" which might well be an alternative to both deductionism and inductionism.

Inevitably, given the importance of religious experience in Berger's scheme of things, mysticism gets significant attention. However, he overemphasizes the degree of conflict which has existed historically between mystics and institutional churches, citing people like Meister Eckhart, for example, but making little use of the Spanish mystics of the sixteenth century. There is also the question of how mystical experiences should be interpreted—most Christian mystics would have denied that they are "experiences" at all, in the sense in which Berger seems to use the term.

IT IS REFRESHING to read the author's blunt advice that the Western modernist impulse has probably exhausted itself and that religious believers should cease trying to accommodate themselves to secularity. There is little comfort here for the orthodox, however, in that he immediately urges that Western religion instead take up "contestation" with the Eastern religions. (The term is used to denote a serious grappling, with the implied possibility that one or both sides may change their minds about their own beliefs.)

Berger is nothing if not clear-sighted, and he is well aware of all the faddishness which now attends interest in Eastern religions. But he nonetheless insists that such interest is essential if Westerners are really to test their own religious insights. In particular he sees an important confrontation between Western "incarnationalism" and the Eastern emphasis on "interior" religion. (In the process, however, he over-draws the distinction.)

If taken seriously, this book will induce a sharp change in the Western religious climate. Orthodox Christians and Jews will not find their positions any more secure, but they will find that the challenges presented are a good deal more honest and intellectually demanding than the tired slogans being churned out by the people Berger calls reductionists. □

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C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table, and Other Reminiscences
Edited by James T. Como
Macmillan, 299 pp., $9.95

THE CHURCH IN MOLECULE

M. JOSEPH SOBRAN

C. S. Lewis would surely have deprecated the personal attention he has received since his death. This is merely one fact about him, and his admirers (including me) give it no more and no less respect than all the other facts about him that they (we) so eagerly gobble. It is rather as if they were to study a particularly retiring sort of animal with the observation: "Look how it dislikes attention! What else do you notice about it?"

This book is a collection of two dozen brief memoirs by people who knew him. It is not the first such book, nor over-all the best; but it is good enough. We don't necessarily want a book that surpasses the others. We just want another book. We want more Lewis.

Many have likened him to Dr. Johnson (one of his heroes) and complained that he had no Boswell. It is just as well. He wouldn't have "sat" for a Boswell; who, after Boswell, could, except a vain buffoon? Besides, Lewis was far too urbane to bear watching over a thousand pages. He was a gentleman who knew himself to be a sinner, and neither the gentleman nor the sinner would relish thorough exposure. As a Christian he was ready to confess his sins, but this healthy mortification was not for public consumption.

Boswell, after all, was a snoop. The memoirists herein are gentlemen, British gentlemen, like Lewis, and little as he would have liked the attention they give him, few of them transgress his privacy to a degree he would have resented. For glimpses of a spikier Lewis, capable of meanness, see Humphrey Carpenter's recent study *The Inklings*.

Still, *C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table* has its own value. Few of the contributors were close to him, but they describe him from interesting angles. We find him making jokes, writing letters, discussing anthroposophy, gobbling his food, saving a fox from the chase, saying his prayers as he paced to and fro, teasing friends, parodying Dr. Johnson, complaining of nightmares, repenting of a harsh remark in *Mere Christianity*.

The opacity of Lewis' private life is itself a revelation. Acquaintance after acquaintance mentions it. Just when it has been mentioned once too often, John Wain makes something interesting of it. He connects Lewis' personal reticence with his "curious impersonality" as a literary critic. The son of a lawyer, Lewis typically *defended* authors he esteemed, and his defenses took the form of argument. Shunning "the personal heresy," Lewis would make out a case for William Morris (say) on incontrovertibly objective grounds. There was no appeal to shared sentiment, only a craftsmanlike emphasis on what the defendant-author was trying to do.

This carried over into his popular theology. "To him," says Wain, "every important issue lay in the domain of public debate. Whether it was the choice of a book to read or the choice of a God to believe in, Lewis argued the matter like a counsel. His personal motives were kept well back from the reach of curious eyes. All was forensic; the jury were to be won over and that was all."

This explains Lewis' peculiar faculty for friendship. He was immensely gregarious, but seldom intimate. Friends were for arguing. Not exactly contentiously: as he explains in *The Four Loves*, friendship isn't interested in friends the way eros is interested in lovers. Lovers look at each other. Friends look, together, at an object of shared interest. They don't share feelings, but reasons. They are fellow-jurors.

Gregarious at a special remove, then, Lewis loved conversation. He organized parties, clubs, debates. The Inklings and Oxford's Socratic Club revolved around him and didn't long survive his departure to Cambridge. An especially good chapter is Walter Hooper's account of the Socratic, where Christians invited literary lions to debate. The idea, Lewis explained, was to promote honest opposition between Christian and anti-Christian ideas, lest each side lose the habit of meeting the other in real and full-bodied form. "The absent," he remarked with Johnsonian pith, "are easily refuted."

FEW OF THE Socratic's challengers were pushovers. Among the hundreds of guests were A. J. Ayer, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Anthony Flew, Gilbert Ryle, Michael Polanyi, and J. L. Austin. It is not surprising that the Christians were sometimes devoured. "At the Socratic," Lewis said cheerfully, "the enemy often wiped the floor with us." But "public" setbacks in the realm of dialectic and reason were not, for him, crucial: "We have no abiding city even in philosophy: all passes except the Word."

Yet his most dispiriting defeat was at the hands not of "the enemy," but of the Catholic Wittgensteinian Elizabeth Anscombe. She came to challenge a key thesis of his book *Miracles*, and stunned him with her unexpected line of attack. He did not acknowledge defeat; but when Hooper met her some time later and asked her what she recalled of the encounter, the somewhat unconventional lady "removed a cigar from her mouth only long enough to say, 'I won.'" (Lewis later rewrote a chapter of the book to accommodate her criticism. His American publisher, Macmillan, has just released that version here.)

Much as Lewis revered G. K. Chesterton, he was cut from very different cloth—far more Protestant. Logic—what John Henry Newman called "explicit reason"—was something like a philosopher's stone to him, I think, and he found it as hard to repose on faith as he did to confide in his readers. Being a

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British gentleman and scholar, he devoutly observed what Newman also called the etiquette of logical requirements. He sought a stripped-down, more or less portable defense of Christianity, suitable for club meetings.

This certainly has its uses. In fact it is a necessity. But Lewis seems at times to have suffered the anxiety of a man who thinks that his faith depends on his ability to defend it. In that sense it was too solitary. And at least in his early days as a Christian, Christianity appears to have been too much an "idea," a proposition. He admitted to only a weak interest in liturgy and he disliked much of the music and ritual of churchgoing, though he attended dutifully. His old Catholic friend Dom Bede Griffiths opines that the institutional church was Christianity on a larger scale than he really cared for. "To me," he wrote in *Surprised by Joy*, "religion ought to have been a matter of good men praying alone, and meeting by twos and threes to talk of spiritual matters."

He had too lively a sense of charity—his astonishing capacity for which he failed wholly to conceal—to sink into atomic individualism. But I think something of his temperament may be suggested by the phrase molecular ecclesiology. One gets from his writing no intimation of a Communion of Saints much vaster than the Inklings. He was too ready, I am afraid, to find a silver lining in the social decline of Christianity: that those who remained Christian in the modern age did so out of purer motives than those who in earlier times were Christian merely because it was conventional. Hollow as those conventions often were, they were still signs of the secular world's shame before the gaze of faith.

But Lewis had no trace of Miltonic aloofness from the common herd. Had he lived longer, his charity would surely have recoiled from what we see today: masses of ordinary young people being taught that chastity is an absurdity, abortion a right, and collectivism the generic answer to social ills. His generous eloquence would have rushed, as usual, to where it was needed—to restore our lost sense of the real bonds of human society, which reciprocally fortify and depend on individual virtue.

But why lament his loss? He lived a full life, the fruits of which survive in his beautifully distilled prose, with its reticent candor, its kindly logic, its accurate splendor of phrase. It is cheering to look back on him in such a book as this; but his greatest gift is to have enabled us to carry on without him. The real man is eternal, yet vital; like the Communion of Saints to which I trust he belongs. □

The Intelligent American's Guide to Europe
By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Arlington House, 566 pp., $20

EUROPE IN THE ROUND

JAMES P. McFADDEN

The title implies that this emperor-sized book might be a travel guide. By no means: indeed, unless you have already traveled Europe, and care about what it all means, this one will overwhelm you. As the author is quick to point out, *nature* is far grander elsewhere—it's the culture you're paying for. So the more you already know, the more you will appreciate this intellectual Grand Tour. It is loaded with facts, and with opinions that will no doubt challenge many of your own.

The author certainly knows an astounding lot about his subject. From Ireland to the Urals, he leads you through areas famous and obscure, explaining in copious detail how it all looks from the inside. Kuehnelt-Leddihn knows (or can read) some two dozen languages—he confesses that he's "ignorant" of, say, Turkish or Latvian—and seems to have been everywhere, even Albania, which, he assures the reader, "gives us some idea of what the ancient tenor of life . . . must have been like." He has a photographic memory and a painter's eye for detail (he does paint, as a matter of fact).

He spends the first hundred pages setting the stage for the country-by-country commentary that follows. Titled "Europe in the Round," this section discusses geography, race, class, education, women, politics, religion (a fascinating 21 pages that may confound just about everything you thought you knew), languages, economics, and a lot more. The framework is today's scene, but he fattens it from his seemingly endless store of historical facts, anecdotes, and opinions (he usually has one of his own, but quotes freely from others as well).

The reader might do well *not* to begin at the beginning. The major portion of the book ("The Nation-States of Europe") is also packed with facts and historical asides, supported and elaborated by more than one thousand notes. I turned first to the countries I know best, then to some about which I have romantic notions (Liechtenstein, Finland, and of course, nowadays, Poland) but which I've never been to. Then I went back to the beginning and got a lot more out of it.

The problem for some readers will be that there is so much here. Yet it is all interesting (I know more than I ever thought I would about Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania). However, as I say, you can pick and choose. Mr. K-L is an Austrian himself, and has that fondness for the *Kaiserzeit* that you'll recognize (probably with nostalgia) if you've spent any time in Vienna, Salzburg, or Innsbruck. He provides a rough map of the old Dual Monarchy. And a gem of an essay on the Habsburg lands which begins: "To understand what happened and is still happening in the Danubian area, it is necessary to know something about the defunct Austro-Hungarian monarchy." He then tells you. For example, you'll learn what "Professor Ernst Kornemann of Breslau pointed out in a famous address in 1926"—and darned if the well-known professor (whom I'd somehow missed myself) didn't have very interesting things to say.

In short, if this is the kind of thing you like, you'll love this book. And after four hundred lush pages of it, you'll find something more: a brief (some thirty pages) finale in which the author tries to explain why it has finally become vital for Americans to understand Europe, which, he argues, we have never really tried to do. The reason is the future, not the past. The Western world is in ruins, because "on both sides of the Atlantic we are victims of a wrong cultural, spiritual, and political evolution." A solution, if there is to be one, must be a joint effort. But we must lead the way: "America is so big, so powerful and important, that her mistakes unfortunately do not count double or triple, but a hundred-fold."

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Mr. K-L thinks we can do it, but then he obviously wrote this before Mr. Carter told us that we have lost our confidence. □

FILM

$30 MILLION IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

JOHN SIMON

Apocalypse Now is finally here, so belatedly that even its marketing technique has been anticipated by *The Deer Hunter*. There is a sense in which three years of supercolossal gossip and a cost of at least $30 million cannot be topped by any actual performance, and it is to the film's credit that at least sizable chunks of it are not anticlimactic. Even so, it is a deeply depressing film, because it exhibits to an almost unprecedented degree what T. S. Eliot (who is quoted in it to bad effect) called dissociation of sensibility.

To Eliot this meant that, starting with later seventeenth century poetry, "the language became more refined, the feeling more crude." So it is in *Apocalypse Now*, where the cinematic language can do just about anything, but the ideas and feelings of the director, Francis Ford Coppola, and his co-scenarist, John Milius, are not only crude but also immature and pretentious. Even the notion that Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* could provide the basis for a large-scale attack on the Vietnam War, and modern warfare in general, is puerile and self-serving. Conrad's darkness is a metaphysical darkness that merely manifests itself in existential events; his heart is the everyday, noncombatant heart that we like to imagine as a valentine, but that Yeats taught us is a foul rag-and-bone shop.

The Vietnam War, as Coppola is often able to convey in his film, was a completely un-Kurtzian horror of politics and technology running amuck hand in hand; the last thing it teaches (and, if at all, only incidentally) is the corruptibility of the individual—that a little extra power and relaxation of moral discipline can turn any auricle or ventricle into a chamber of horrors. Captain Willard (Conrad's Marlow), an intelligence officer and proven assassin, is entrusted with the secret mission of killing the charismatic Green Beret Colonel Kurtz who, having become the idol of a rabble composed of Montagnard tribesmen and sundry defectors, crossed over into Cambodia, apparently went berserk, and is engaged in some unspeakable war of his own.

A patrol boat takes Willard upriver. Along the way, every kind of spectacular, grotesque, and horrifying adventure befalls him and the crew. At last, he and the two surviving crewmen make it to Kurtz's Angkor Wat-like headquarters, where bodies hanging from above and heads protruding from below ground greet them everywhere, along with a sinisterly scowling soldiery or mob. After a ridiculous game of cat-and-mouse between Kurtz and Willard (and an obvious uncertainty on Coppola's part about how to end the movie), the Captain quite easily kills the Colonel, walks through hostile ranks back to his boat, and takes off.

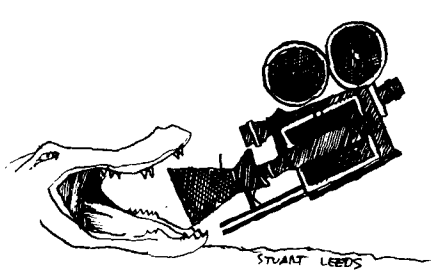
THE CONRADIAN plot elements are forcibly and fuzzily superimposed on unrelated matter. The Willard-Kurtz relationship, for all that Willard dutifully studies Kurtz's dossier on the way upriver, never amounts to anything like a Conradian secret sharing of two lives. The Kurtzian horrors here depicted are banal and hardly worse than what Willard and we have been seeing all along, and there is no clear sense of their stemming from a potentially basic human loss of control, from fallibility of moral choice. Certain incidents, such as an attack with poison darts, make sense in Conrad's Africa only, and are, in any case, small beer compared to the wholesale slaughter that surrounds them. Every allusion to Conrad strikes me as gratuitous—as a desperate attempt to confer shape on the shapeless, prestige on the epigone.

The opening shots of the film are among the best: lush tropical trees shuddering as helicopters whiz by so close that the eye can barely fathom what it sees; next, the trees go up in flames. The image subsumes and virtually makes expendable all that follows. We are immediately put off by Willard's a little too arbitrary-looking suicidal tantrums: a strategic error, for we need an initially sane Willard if his gradual deterioration is to have deeper meaning. But Coppola feels he must start with a bang if he will end with a whimper. (Kurtz, by the way, recites "The Hollow Men" to his followers, a notion whose ludicrousness is surpassed only by the way Marlon Brando reads the famous verses.)

Things improve, however, in the scene in which a general and his henchmen test and brief Willard for the mission of having Kurtz "terminated with extreme prejudice." G. D. Spradlin is marvelous as the general of whom it is hard to say whether he is more or less derailed than his designated victim. The entire scene, culminating in a hearty last supper, has a subdued, unreal, unstated ghastliness about it that is more dreadful than anything to come.

STILL, COPPOLA is very good at capturing the grandiose dementia of war, the murderous efficiency that has a certain gorgeousness to it as long as one is not on the receiving end. Whether the merrily unhinged Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore (perfectly played by Robert Duvall) is conducting a cavalry-charge-like helicopter raid on a village or, as a surfing freak, is ordering his men to perform aquatic stunts before the smoke has settled and blood has dried; whether this officer comments on a blazing jungle, "I love the smell of napalm . . . It smells like victory," or whether American patrol boats are playing live-ammunition-shooting bumper cars with one another, there is believable horror galore. But then we veer into unbelievable horror.

When an outpost company that is fighting insanely responds to Willard's inquiry about who their commanding officer is with a serious "Ain't you?"; when, deep in VC territory, a huge nocturnal fest is arranged, with *al giorno* illumination, for Playboy bunnies to entertain troops who start rioting and constitute a prime aerial target; when, again by night, a strategic bridge is festooned with more lights than an amusement park's roller-coaster and is duly bombed to smithereens by the enemy—well, you begin to wonder whether this is still a legitimate vision of war, even



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making allowances for surrealism and absurdism, or whether it is a Coney Island of the minds of Coppola and Milius.

Then, when Willard, a burnt-out case to begin with (played stolidly by Martin Sheen), reaches Kurtz—a Brando who has become an obscene, secular Buddha with shaven head and ballooning midriff, whose voice emerges like the squeal of a mouse from a ridiculous mountain (actually, they had to use a less fat body model for the few shots in which it isn't only Brando's head that we divine as it drowns in chiaroscuro) —two dullards confront each other over a thin gruel of pretentious platitudes or portentous understatement, and the film becomes worse than bad—abject.

There are two large problems that envelop even the positive aspects. Vittorio Storaro's cinematography is remarkable, catching, as it were, the halftones and quarter-tones of the color scale, and Coppola knows how to hurl the camera into the action so as to stop just short of self-annihilation—the way an acrobat dives from a tower into a shallow trough of water. But all this exhilaration and lyricism of war (I am reminded of Apollinaire's even more wonderful, but equally suspect, war poems, such as "*Merveilles de la guerre*," or the one beginning, "*Ah Dieu! que la guerre est jolie*") is not really licit, is not decent stuff to put into a movie that purports to excoriate war. Battles may seduce the desperate or crazed combatant, but what is an allegedly antiwar filmmaker doing mucking around in this tainted ecstasy?

FINALLY, I feel uneasy letting this footage (only an infinitesimal fraction of what was wastefully shot) suck me into the screen: these multicolored flares, incandescent floodlights, infernal conflagrations; or conversely this opulent vegetation, fulgurating foliage interrupted now and then by the carcass of a helicopter impaled on the branches it ravaged; or just these squadrons of superbly drilled whirlybirds photographed inside and out from every enticing angle. It makes me wonder: did a mind make this movie, or did $30 million do the trick? Can you toss out a net of so much money, so much brute busyness, and not capture something, though possibly something not worth the price? Was this movie thought out and directed, or was it merely bought with an arriviste's wealth? □

The GIMLET EYE

PAST-LIVES THERAPY

D. KEITH MANO

I am vomiting, the two-year-old me is: but I clutch my father's tree-root thumb: it cannot let me fall. Objection; the one-year-old me-baby gavels his spoon on a highchair tray. Touch, touch once again: the canvas of my infant bath: soft, yet resolute, a rock-beaten animal hide. Ga-lump: child-intimidating noise: our dumbwaiter as it stumbles up the shaft to exact a payment in kind. I duck behind my mother: its ropes are moist: it has risen from the sea. A beautiful hay-blonde teenager, Grace—that word has always, in part, meant her—will lean over my carriage to smile. "How old are you now, how old are you now?" The Lady in Blue sings with a fine appropriateness here, swung round on my old short-play phonograph. Am I two, three? Where is the curator of my past?

There are so many frames in a life: what absurdist has cut and edited mine to document that instance of vomiting, that peevish tantrum with a spoon? Not extraordinary moments, yet stored for quick reference on top: as if they could represent, by their commonness, all that is indiscriminate in living.

But these are remembrances: hypnosis has not smoked them out. Wait. I am in my crib: past tense and present tense do a lap-dissolve. I see decals there. What are they? Certainly inane and pleasant animals, dressed to spare children the trauma of a fur-bearing nakedness. Can I see? *See*, not remember. I squint against the blur. But I am myopic, as I was not then. And I am paralytic: the paralysis of a dream. My knees won't crawl forward now.

"Which way is past? Up, down? Here?" Ted, my hypnotist, is talking: almost a metrical chant. The Brain Wave Synchronizer has stopped flicking light: it waits, asleep: ticked-off at me. "You are on a road. A hot August day. There are milestones beside the road. They count down from ten to one. The fifth milestone stands for your birth. Just walk. Don't force anything. Let it happen to you. Walk."

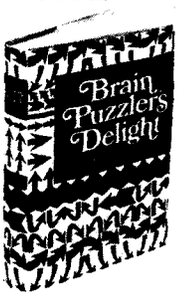
First, though—shall we pull over at milestone #7? And set me a valid question: Do I believe in pre-existence? Well, it doesn't sound outlandish, you know: not to someone who has been promised life in a world to come. Although I've undertaken this ten-mile hike for an article on "past-lives therapy," I'm not disrespectful. Yes: reincarnation is heretical in the Christian canon: I know that. Still, Jesus' transcendent interchange with Nicodemus—"except a man be born again"—seems to have extra, terrific resonance; provided you allow that faith in Christ will complete the cycle of rebirth. And reincarnation, as idea, has at least one redeeming feature: it can checkmate the atheist's banal gibe—If God is all-good, why would He allow innocent children to suffer? Nonetheless, I well understand why God might shut men off from accessible knowledge of the past beyond their past. Genealogical elitism is aggravating enough. Imagine how hard it would be to live with someone, say, who had been Abraham Lincoln once. And could remember everything.

Up. Time to move ahead: and backward. Milestone #6. Milestone #5. Milestone #4. This stamp is gonna look funny on my passport. I will say one thing: my mind has gone blank as a plate of consommé. I am determined not to write fiction. The retinal picture tube is chocolaty: like a Rembrandt subdued to its varnish opaqueness by centuries and dirt. I wait: passive: at the verge of Ted's road. A quarter-hour. I won't even permit myself the thought that Nothing-has-happened-yet.

Then there are events. A wall is built in the upper right quadrant of my blank: fitted granite, substantial, windowless; ancient, I surmise. Perhaps 15 square feet of it: an upper story. The wall will remain. Then, downscreen front, a six-sided lantern. It moves: wind-swayed: hung, maybe, by some sort of chain. Finally—and this image appears spontaneous, it has no ancestor in my present past—finally a massive

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



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peaked roof, burning. Flames banquet on the far side: but no advance is made. I can watch sparks moth upward: it is a spectacle. Those three images stay, but there will be nothing more. Not much for $300 in cash that I've spent for ten sessions of reincarnation hypnosis.

And an hour later, Laurie—my control—walks down. She has taken the same expensive package tour; led by the same native guide. We have attacked past-lives therapy with a similar courteous and what's-to-lose? attentiveness. Except that Laurie is about five times more susceptible to hypnosis than Old No-Doz, me.

"So? Did you pass the milestones backward?"

"Yes."

"And? Where did it lead to, Poughkeepsie?"

"I was in Rome. I saw, I smelled the dirt streets. Carts. It was sometime in the late fourteenth century, though I don't know who was ruling. My name was Maria. My husband was Roberto. We didn't have children, not then. But I felt it was a happy marriage. He was an artisan. I think he worked carving or casting church doors. Also, I saw where I had lived as a child. In a cottage surrounded by woods. Oh, in the moment with my husband I was wearing brown and rust red. Layers of cloth. It was hot."

"You're sure of this?"

"I saw it. Sure? What can sure mean? The dirt from the roads, though—you don't know how hard it is to keep things clean with all that dust."

No I don't. And, suddenly, I think, I'd rather not. Some matters are best left ambiguous: one should not see the high priest smoking a Marlboro as he vests. Next afternoon, I will renege on my magazine article. They are understanding: they will even pick up the expense tab for my walk to nowhere. And not ask for a receipt beyond Milestone #5. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BEN-GURION: A BIOGRAPHY, *by Michael Bar-Zohar (Delacorte, 334 pp., $12.95).* The Ben-Gurion that emerges from Bar-Zohar's work is a towering figure driven by Zionist dreams—stiff and impersonal in private, canny and resolute politically. The book merely skims over his difficulties with the British and the deadly struggle →

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

PREVIOUS OFFERINGS in this space have alluded to the best-kept secret of our times—the bizarre idea of "mutual assured destruction," on which the SALT accords, and American policy on arms control in general, are based.

The doctrine is not "secret," of course, from anyone who is reasonably familiar with debate on issues of disarmament. But it has been effectively kept from the American people, since nobody (including opponents of SALT) talks very much about the matter in public and since the doctrine is so incredible on the face of it the average citizen can hardly believe such things are true even when they do get mentioned.

In this respect, *The SALT Experience* (Bellinger Publishing Co., 17 Dunster St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138; $18.50), by Thomas W. Wolfe of the Rand Corporation, may prove to be therapeutic. The author's tone is so clinical, his narrative so uninflected, that no one could possibly accuse him of being alarmist. Yet his recapitulation of the "SALT process" makes all too plain the centrality of MAD to our strategic thinking.

In obedience to MAD, Wolfe tells us, we have deliberately left our civilian population exposed to nuclear destruction, as a means of reassuring Moscow. In keeping with this policy, we signed the original SALT treaty barring antimissile defense, then dismantled even those defenses allowed us by the treaty. And since we had deprived ourselves of protection against missiles, it seemed pointless to have defenses against an air attack, so these have been phased out as well.

In addition, Wolfe notes, for a period of years we deliberately made our offensive weapons less accurate than they might be, in order not to threaten Soviet missiles (though the military has been moving to correct this), and, to make sure no facet of nuclear masochism is overlooked, we have conducted a unilateral slowdown on new offensive weapons, including the B-1 bomber, the neutron bomb, a follow-on to the Minuteman, and the MX missile, even as we have engaged in the extensive transfer of high technology to the USSR.

The theory behind all this is that the Soviets, impressed by our self-evident weakness, will adopt a similar posture, thereby producing a stable "balance of terror." But, as pointed out by Paul H. Nitze, James E. Dougherty, and Francis X. Kane in *The Fateful Ends and Shades of SALT* (Crane, Russak and Co., 3 East 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10017; $5.95), it hasn't worked that way. Rather than emulating MAD, the Soviets have pushed ahead with a "war-fighting and war-winning" strategy aimed at securing the weapons systems we have denied ourselves.

They have, for instance, sought to develop heavy missiles that could knock out our ICBMs and have also deployed extensive air-, missile-, and civil-defense programs to protect their civilian population. In other respects, they have built a gigantic arsenal threatening Europe and the United States, while we sit idle under self-imposed restraints.

HOW DID WE get into such a mess? Some of the answers are provided by former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Foy D. Kohler in *SALT II: How Not to Negotiate with the Russians* (Advanced International Studies Institute, East-West Towers, Suite 1122, 4330 East-West Highway, Washington, D.C. 20014; $3). Kohler shows that the Soviets' bargaining stance, in SALT as in other things, is invariably aimed at getting maximum advantages for themselves, while imposing severe restrictions on their adversaries.

To deal with this adamantine foe, we have deployed a crew of peace-mongering politicos and professional arms-control enthusiasts whose major goal is to get an agreement—any agreement—in order to symbolize the progress of detente. The outcome of this unequal contest is easily predicted: a whole series of capitulations by our side alone—up to and including the baleful concessions of SALT II. □

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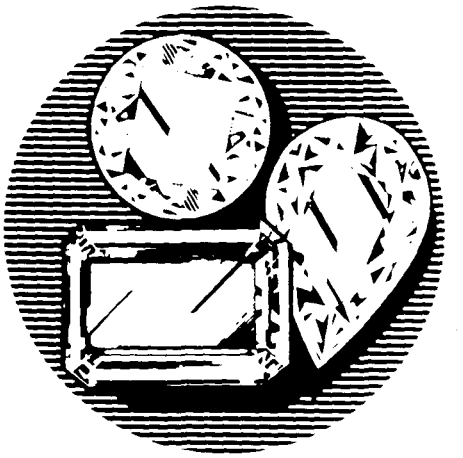
with Menahem Begin's Irgun. Instead, it provides a fascinating description of Ben-Gurion's takeover of the Zionist movement, the result of a decade of rivalry with Chaim Weizman. Such feuding did not end with Israeli independence: Ben-Gurion tussled with almost every leader of his own Mapai Party—Moshe Starrett, Golda Meir, Pinchas Lavon—and he repeatedly threatened to resign unless his ultimatums were met. Chief among his concerns were the fostering of a new generation of leaders, like Moshe Dayan and Shimon Peres, and the development of a hard-line foreign policy—which most Mapai chieftains would not accept. (His own feelings about Israel's "manifest destiny" were in fact reasonably close to those of his oft-denounced rival, Begin.) Bar-Zohar's prose is crisp and clean and his scholarship is detailed. The work should emerge as the standard biography.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

KEITH COUNTY JOURNAL, *by John Janovy Jr. (St. Martin's, 210 pp., $8.95).* They call gullies rivers in western Nebraska and the folds between them hills. Trees, where there are any, tower like monuments above the prairie grass. In that unspectacular country the singers of nature's praises celebrate the beauty of small things. John Janovy, a biology professor from Lincoln, writes sympathetically about bugs, birds, fish, and snails. He finds admirable qualities in one-celled parasites and learns lessons from termites that feed on cow patties. The close study of lowly creatures converts him finally to transcendentalism. "Since Keith County has taught us we are not so very different after all from snails and swallows, we must wonder whether the plan that brought us here together might not be more general, more all-encompassing than we realized." On the barren plains men see visions and dream dreams. The theological detour is brief, though. *Keith County Journal* is no tract; rather, it presents, with endearing modesty, the ruminations of a happy man. Janovy delights in the calls of kingbirds. He is at home knee-deep in muck bagging flies. Biology fascinates him, and he possesses the wherewithal to share the magic. His sensitive descriptions of landscape and seasons remind one of Aldo Leopold's *Sand County Almanac.* When he adeptly reveals the workings of marsh ecology in terms of automobile expenses and family obligations, he resembles the gentle E. B. White, whose barnyard animals shed new light on world affairs. Like these men, Janovy occasionally stretches himself thin. Certain of his analogies fall flat; certain ideas, though clothed respectably, are silly. But also like them, he speaks in a narrative voice both youthful and wise. He elucidates small wonders with abundant charm.

PAUL T. HORNAK



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PAT O' BRIEN:

The Wind at My Back

What drove my grandparents from their own land, be it potato famine, English landlords, the hard agony of failing to find room to breed and brew—whatever it was, it was a lucky day for me. I don't think I could be anything but an American. I don't want to try to be anything else.

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TOM SAWYER COMES HOME . . . but 20th century America doesn't look much like home to Tom, Huck, and Jim. They've been wandering through history since we heard from them last—and their views will jolt the complacent, to say the least. Frederick Anderson, late editor of the Mark Twain papers at Berkeley, said the new book is "successful in maintaining the ironic use of their relationship as it was established by Mark Twain," and Cyril Clemens, Editor of the Mark Twain Journal, says Twain himself "would have reveled in it from cover to cover." For your copy of Dorothy Langley's brilliant re-creation, send $7.95 to Traumwald Press, #10, 3550 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60657

The Peaceful Man's Way to Win Fights

'If You Can't Avoid Trouble, At Least Avoid Losing'

I used to turn the other cheek. Ignore insults. Walk away from a fight. Out of *fear*.

All too often, my enemy looked too powerful to even try to beat. He won—hands down.

These days, I walk away for a different reason. I'm no longer afraid for myself. Now, I'm afraid for the *other* guy.

If he doesn't watch his step or his mouth, I can put him in the hospital for a couple of months. Or *worse*.

Since I developed my Peaceful Man's Way, trouble-makers seem to stay clear of me. Somehow, they sense that I can take them. If I *want* to.

It's as though I had an invisible bodyguard at my side 24-hours-a-day. Ready to spring to my defense instantly. To finish off anyone foolish enough to start up.

Yet, I never had a boxing lesson. I exercise much too little. And I am not a "muscle-man."

I go anywhere with confidence. Not looking for a fight, mind you. But perfectly able to handle the situation if one is absolutely unavoidable.

I'm positive that the Peaceful Man's Way will do for you what it did for me. Maybe more.

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Such as a "little-finger" trick that cuts a tough wise-acre down to size.

A move with your wrist that makes him scream in excruciating pain.

Another with your foot that delivers eye-watering misery.

A devilish hand-clasp that breaks a choking strangle-hold. Topped by a follow-up that's a knock-out.

Just because you're peaceful doesn't mean that you have to be a victim. You may still look and act like you wouldn't hurt a fly. But heaven help the pest who mistakenly thinks you are an easy mark. A meek lamb anyone can push around with no come-back.

Instead, you turn into a tiger. Someone able to stop a mugger cold. Someone who can make a bully cry like a baby. Someone who *ends* fights the other guy begins.

I remember the last time I was forced to use the Peaceful Man's Way. This bruiser was a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier than me. A human King Kong.

I floored him in five seconds flat. He was totally stunned. I'll never forget that dazed look in his eyes as he asked himself "how?"

My wife knows how. I taught her and my kids. Child or adult, man or woman, anyone can learn how. And *should*.

You watch TV. You read the newspapers. Personal crime is our number one problem. Everyday, it's another rape, another mugging, another outrage. Don't wait until it happens to *you*.

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- **How to use your feet as *deadly* weapons.**
- **How to throw a heavyweight for a *loop-de-loop*.**
- **5 ways to *paralyze* an aggressor.**
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Plus dozens of ingenious "tricks" requiring no more skill than shaking hands. To keep you safe and sound no matter what. Regardless of your age, size, build, or strength.

I must warn you: Simple as they are, these methods can be *fatal*. They must be. Otherwise, they would be valueless to you when you need them the most.

Hold them for that key emergency moment when it's either you or him. Then—*wham!*

When you're out with your family or friends, it's great to know that you are *covered*. If you can't avoid trouble, at least avoid losing.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Departure of Lyudmila

On The Right

New York, Sept. 1—Are we the dumbest people in the world? It is inconceivable that there aren't millions who reached that conclusion on hearing from the executive director of the American tour organized for the Bolshoi Ballet that she viewed with "great regret" the defection of Godunov. It is impossible to understand this as meaning anything less than that we view with great regret any decision by an important Russian figure to choose freedom. The strangest things embarrass the United States. If the entire Presidium of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics were tomorrow to announce the renunciation of imperialism, autonomy for the Soviet states, and unilateral disarmament, one has the feeling that our leaders would huddle in the situation room in utter panic at an event so . . . disequilibrating, is perhaps the word Jody Powell would vouchsafe us.

Then there was the episode involving Lyudmila Vlasova, the wife of Godunov. At least U.S. Immigration, no doubt on the authority of the White House itself, refused to permit her airplane to depart right away. But consider the circumstances. Over a period of 72 hours, Madame Vlasova was detained, by force, by Russian agents on U.S. soil, and not permitted to consult with U.S. authorities. By the time she was finally exposed to our negotiator, the Russians had had enough time to extract from her virtually any commitment they wanted. Imagine a United States court of law accepting as valid a plea of guilty or not guilty uttered by an individual who had been held 72 hours incommunicado by people who exercised total authority over that person's family and friends. Why did no one in New York, that mecca of civil-rights litigators, do the obvious thing? What was the obvious thing?

In 1948, in the month of August, a Soviet schoolteacher called Madame Kosenkina, attached to the Soviet Legation, was visiting with Countess Tolstoy, an American citizen. There she confessed her intention of defecting. The Soviet authorities got wind of this and swooped down on Madame Kosenkina and spirited her away to their consulate on 61st Street and Park Avenue, planning to fly her out in the morning to Gulag. Then the press got hold of the story and there was an uproar.

At dinner that evening, a retiring gentleman called Christopher Emmett, much concerned with the plight of captive peoples, dined with a distinguished lawyer, C. Dickerman Williams, and a young businessman, Peter Hoguet. Their thoughts were on Madame Kosenkina and what might be done for her.

In a matter of hours, Williams appeared before Judge Dickstein of the Federal District Court, Countess Tolstoy at his side, and asked for a writ of habeas corpus in the name of Madame Kosenkina. Now under the law of the United States, any "friend" who appears before a court and alleges with any plausibility that someone is being "wrongfully held in custody" can get such a writ. The ensuing events were dramatic. Hoguet, writ in hand, took on the role of process-server and knocked on the door of the consulate where Madame Kosenkina was detained. He thrust the writ at the Consul-General, one Lomakin, who declined to accept it—but that declination had no meaning in law.

By this time the crowds had gathered. Madame Kosenkina, locked in a second-floor bedroom, knew no English, but, the radio turned on, she heard repeated mention of her name, giving her hope that there were exertions on her behalf. She was emboldened then to make her famous leap out the window, breaking her leg. An ambulance took her to a local hospital. Years later, Beadle Smith, our CIA Director, wrote in his memoirs that Foreign Minister Molotov for the first time in diplomatic circumstances lost his temper: he simply refused to believe that any country had laws that permitted a mere individual—C. Dickerman Williams—to get a court order effecting freedom for someone held by representatives of a foreign power.

Why wasn't this done for Madame Vlasova? It is a paradox of our liberal society that there are more lawyers in New York willing to help people to remain Communists, than there are willing to help those struggling to become ex-Communists. □

PUBLIC POLICY AND TERRORISM

New York, Sept. 5—The cliché is that we do not see the forest for the trees. It is sometimes necessary for the preservation of our sanity that this should be so.

Consider the tangled web, beginning, because it was responsible for the most recent explosion, with the IRA. Now if every member of the Provisional wing of the IRA could be collected and deposited in a single stadium, a very good case could be made for detonating a mini-bomb on the fifty-yard line. Killing is a grisly business. But it is better to kill killers than to kill non-killers, and sometimes history gives us no other practical choice but those two. Every man who is devoted to the proposition that attention is given to his cause because he tosses a hand grenade into a restaurant or into a bus occupied by schoolchildren or into a yacht sailed by an eighty-year-old British hero, and who is willing to act on that conviction, has in effect sentenced innocent men, women, and children to die. And as we delay in killing the former, we secure the noose around the necks of the latter.

The trouble of course is that we do not know where all the members of the IRA are, any more than, with 500,000 American soldiers and one million South Vietnamese soldiers, we were able to find out where all the members of the Vietcong were hiding—men as devoted to the proposition that terrorism would bring victory, as the IRA. In Vietnam, we ended by losing a war to terrorists backed by organized military forces, and so unleashed an epoch of horror in Indochina. In Ireland, we can string up the killers of a Mountbatten, but everyone knows there will

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be others. Where are they, and how do we deal with them? And on what terms? The official position of the British government and of the Ulster government and of the Irish government is that these terrorists are outlaws, and that we are interested not in their contributions to international policy, but in their extermination. The result of all of this in Ireland is that we had endless flamboyant trips by successive British Prime Ministers to Ulster and to Dublin, and reciprocal visits, and so on: and the killing continues. Is this an argument for negotiating with the IRA?

Leave the question open, and consider the ethical positions we have recently taken in other parts of the world. Very nearly everyone has changed his mind, in very recent memory, about how to deal with terrorists qua terrorists. It is unimaginable that anyone should have come out in favor of dealing with the Mau Mau in Kenya in the early Fifties. Yet the Mau Mau are now considered primitive heroes of the liberation of Kenya, though to be sure their methods were, well, unpleasant. Today it is almost impossible to find anyone who will take the position that we should *not* deal with Mugabe or Nkomo, both of them terrorists who have caviled at nothing, and could work in perfect harmony with the Mau Mau or the IRA or the Vietcong in any gruesome operation.

And then of course we have the PLO. Here we have a special problem because the PLO, a determinably terrorist group which delights in such grotesqueries as the Munich slayings, is recognized as the representative of a million Palestinians by most of the governments of the Third World. But our own position on the matter is intransigent. Or is it? It is nervousness on that point that made the whole scandal of Andy Young, who declared our boycott on the PLO to be "ridiculous." But our position as regards the PLO is ethically alluring. We say: "Abandon your claims to the abolition of Israel, and profess your allegiance to Resolution 242, and only then will we speak to you." We don't use similar language in dealing with Mugabe or Nkomo.

Is it possible to decoct from the confusion abiding ethical guidelines? It is simply anti-historical to take the position that the United States will not deal with groups that employ terrorism, because we have done so. It is anti-historical to take the position that we will not negotiate with groups we do not recognize—we met secretly with Mao Tse-tung's emissaries in Warsaw.

What is it that distinguishes our positions? Does it depend on the size of the relevant constituency? How many Irishmen are secret backers of the IRA? If there are enough of these, do we then relent? Does that rule hold true for the PLO? How do you measure the latent strength—the constituency—of Mugabe and Nkomo? Is this a function of the quality and quantity of the support they receive from organized cultivators of terrorism, notably mad-dog states like Libya, but with the Soviet Union the unquestioned godfather of international terrorism?

These questions are not easily answered. But the ethical imperative suffers from political, ideological, and diplomatic opportunism. Do we require straightforwardly pragmatic answers? What are they? It's difficult even to seek them out, unless we struggle to achieve a consistency in our views toward terrorism, and this we have not achieved. And every time President Carter mentions human rights, the forest becomes more and more elusive. □

CROSS-COUNTRY IMPRESSIONS

New York, Aug. 25—A transcontinental trip reveals that the energetic members of the American community—the entrepreneurs, the doers—resent most deeply in the posture of Jimmy Carter the implied notion that Spiritual Sloth is responsible for America's doldrums. It is one thing to hear about American acedia from the lips of Solzhenitsyn or Whittaker Chambers, another to take it from President Carter, whose apparently invincible ignorance in the matter of what makes America run is the principal cause of stagnation.

There is a rancher in Nevada who has bought a large tract of land, and seeks to develop it. He has been informed that environmental impact studies must be executed, and these will not be completed until 1986. 1986?!? Well, yes.

An oil executive is busy busy busy working on the possibilities of shale oil. There is a gleam in his septuagenarian eye, and his enthusiasm could not have been exceeded by a twenty-year-old goldminer arriving in California in 1848. The executive is drilling for shale. He is coming at the deposit, so to speak, sideways, rather than vertically: and this way, he avoids the environmental people. He speaks of the recovery rate on this test site. It looks as though the oil will come in at 40 per cent, rather than the 20 per cent in conventional deposits. This means that twice as much oil as normal will be brought out of the ground in processing the shale. At what price? Thirty dollars a barrel? He beams triumphantly: *Twenty* dollars. That, at any rate, is his prediction on preliminary tests. Of course, in order to attract the necessary capital, he points out, there would have to be a guaranteed floor. (Hmm, it's beginning to sound suspicious?) But with oil selling for nearly $20 from OPEC, he continues, that shouldn't be hard; but there is this interesting consideration. What will happen to the price of oil when you really succeed in unlocking the petroliferous reserves of the planet?

DID I KNOW—he asked me—what are the known deposits of oil shale? Two and one-half times the deposits of all existing conventional oil. What we need, said the executive, is to bring in the competition. Then the price of oil will go down. And before long, the pressure will begin on OPEC. How long is that? He was unhesitating: 1986.

So that what he seems to want is a period of protection—followed by intense competition. Mr. Carter has set up an Energy Department that has been spending $10 billion per year, which is more than the whole of the after-tax profits of the major oil companies during the equivalent period. Carter proposes now a $100-billion search for synthetic fuel. That search would combine with an import quota on OPEC oil set at the 1977 level. The result, in economic terms, is identical to a floor on pricing. It is in no way different from a protective tariff. That's the kind of contradictory analysis, planning, projections, that come out of Washington. And you know why? Because a) the bureaucratic imperative, although Carter affects to disdain it, has got hold of him; and b) Carter needs to objectify U.S. resentment and to train it on someone or something other than his own Administration; so he has singled out the oil companies.

An airline executive commented, "We need leadership, and the only place you can get that from is the Chief Executive." Leadership has become a God-word, and is much abused. But true leadership in the existing situation would call for cutting red tape (a California bumper sticker: NEXT TIME YOU'RE HUNGRY, EAT AN ENVIRONMENTALIST), and turning loose the pent-up energy of Americans. That is a form of negative leadership. Carter, with his taxes and government agencies and regulations and rhetoric, is smearing creosote over the engines of the Republic. □

(Universal Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Gene Stratton Porter's posthumously published novel was about this kind of *man*
3 210 15 159 121 148 138 183 195

B. The kind of man a woman would want with her if shipwrecked on a desert island
8 215 38 73 91 202 70 82 101 151
164 184

C. Description of *Cassius Clay*
18 27 35 125 168 185 156 84

D. This flower was named for a volcanic peak in northern California
34 39 48 67 87 92 97 109 188 131
217

E. An activity that the new father soon learns about
75 2 41 79 88 103 124 22 32 36
52 60 181

F. What the tomato was formerly called
110 69 111 44 140 176 221 149 190

G. A manual that goes with me
186 173 93 115 104 180 53 216 6

H. An American playwright (1888-1953)
197 65 78 105 152 160 187 226 10 13
20 28

I. A singular volume used in an educational institution
205 25 51 59 62 135 143 194 7 43

J. Stupid
208 46 76 107 120 129 139 142 165 171
198

K. Where the fire fighters are headquartered
212 5 153 191 42 57 90 102 114 137
222

L. An English novelist (1689-1761)
219 4 30 95 98 106 122 147 19 45

M. Scottish for John, Jean, Ivan, etc.
225 112 77

N. A backward fowl and a backward ancient city = an Indian
17 163 116 9 157

O. A miracle mentioned in Luke 5; use U. S. spelling
33 1 213 63 68 80 86 193 200 207
209 218 220

P. AID LEHAR
40 223 108 56 162 117 24 214

Q. Atomic and hydrogen bomb tests were conducted here after W. W. II
47 158 85 11 169 31 127 141

R. A temporary refuge for refugees
54 50 100 14 178 196

S. A hodgepodge
128 206 72 132 201 96 94 182

T. Adj. describing *suffering from the strain of warfare*
166 12 29 55 113 119 126 133 189 224
37 49

U. What most children have removed
167 144 99 174 16 150 179

V. Pertaining to the Little Russians
66 134 146 199 61 161 21 118 192

W. Uplifted
71 58 23 81 204 130 136

X. Pitcher in World Series 1929, 1930, 1931
89 175 74 83 154 203 177 172

Y. What Henry David was
123 155 64 170 26 145 227 211

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1250 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 O	2 E	3 A	4 L	5 K		6 G	7 I	8 B	9 N	10 H		11 Q	12 T	13 H	14 R	15 A		16 U
17 N		18 C	19 L	20 H	21 V	22 E	23 W	24 P		25 I	26 Y	27 C	28 H	29 T	30 L	31 Q	32 E	33 O	
34 D	35 C	36 E	37 T		38 B	39 D	40 P	41 E	42 K	43 I	44 F	45 L		46 J	47 Q	48 D	49 T	50 R	
51 I	52 E		53 G	54 R	55 T	56 P	57 K	58 W		59 I	60 E	61 V		62 I	63 O		64 Y	65 H	66 V
	67 D	68 O	69 F	70 B	71 W	72 S		73 B	74 X	75 E	76 J	77 M	78 H		79 E	80 O		81 W	82 B
83 X	84 C		85 Q	86 O		87 D	88 E	89 X		90 K	91 B	92 D	93 G	94 S		95 L	96 S	97 D	
98 L	99 U	100R		101B	102K	103E	104G	105H	106L	107J	108P	109D	110F		111F	112M	113T	114K	115G
	116N	117P		118V	119T	120J	121A	122L		123Y	124E		125C	126T	127Q	128S		129J	130W
	131D	132S	133T	134V	135I	136W		137K	138A	139J	140F	141Q		142J	143I	144U	145Y	146V	
147L	148A	149F	150U	151B	152H	153K		154X	155Y	156C	157N	158Q	159A	160H	161V		162P	163N	164B
165J	166T		167U	168C	169Q	170Y	171J		172X	173G	174U		175X		176F	177X	178R	179U	180G
	181E	182S	183A	184B		185C		186G	187H	188D	189T	190F		191K	192V	193Q	194I	195A	196R
197H	198J		199V	200Q	201S		202B	203X	204W	205I		206S	207Q		208J	209Q	210A		211Y
212K	213Q	214P		215B	216G	217D	218Q	219L		220Q	221F	222K	223P	224T	225M	226H	227Y		

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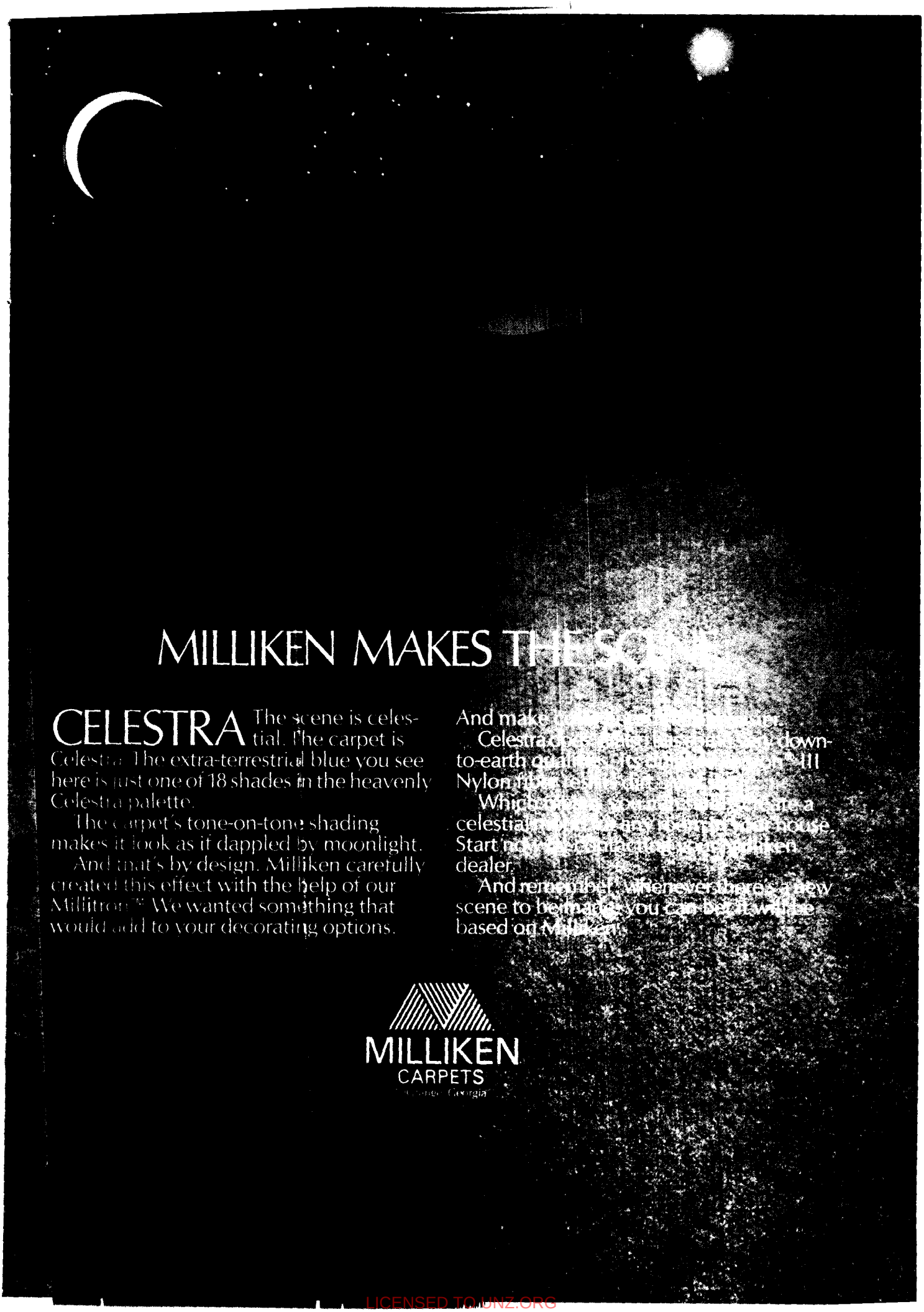
MILLIKEN MAKES THE SC
CELESTRA The scene is celestial. The carpet is Celestra. The extra-terrestrial blue you see here is just one of 18 shades in the heavenly Celestra palette.
The carpet's tone-on-tone shading makes it look as if dappled by moonlight.
And that's by design. Milliken carefully created this effect with the help of our Millitron.® We wanted something that would add to your decorating options.
And make
Celestra
down-to-earth
Nylon
Whi
celestial
Start
dealer.
And remember, whenever there's a new scene to be made, you can be sure it will be based on Milliken.
MILLIKEN
CARPETS

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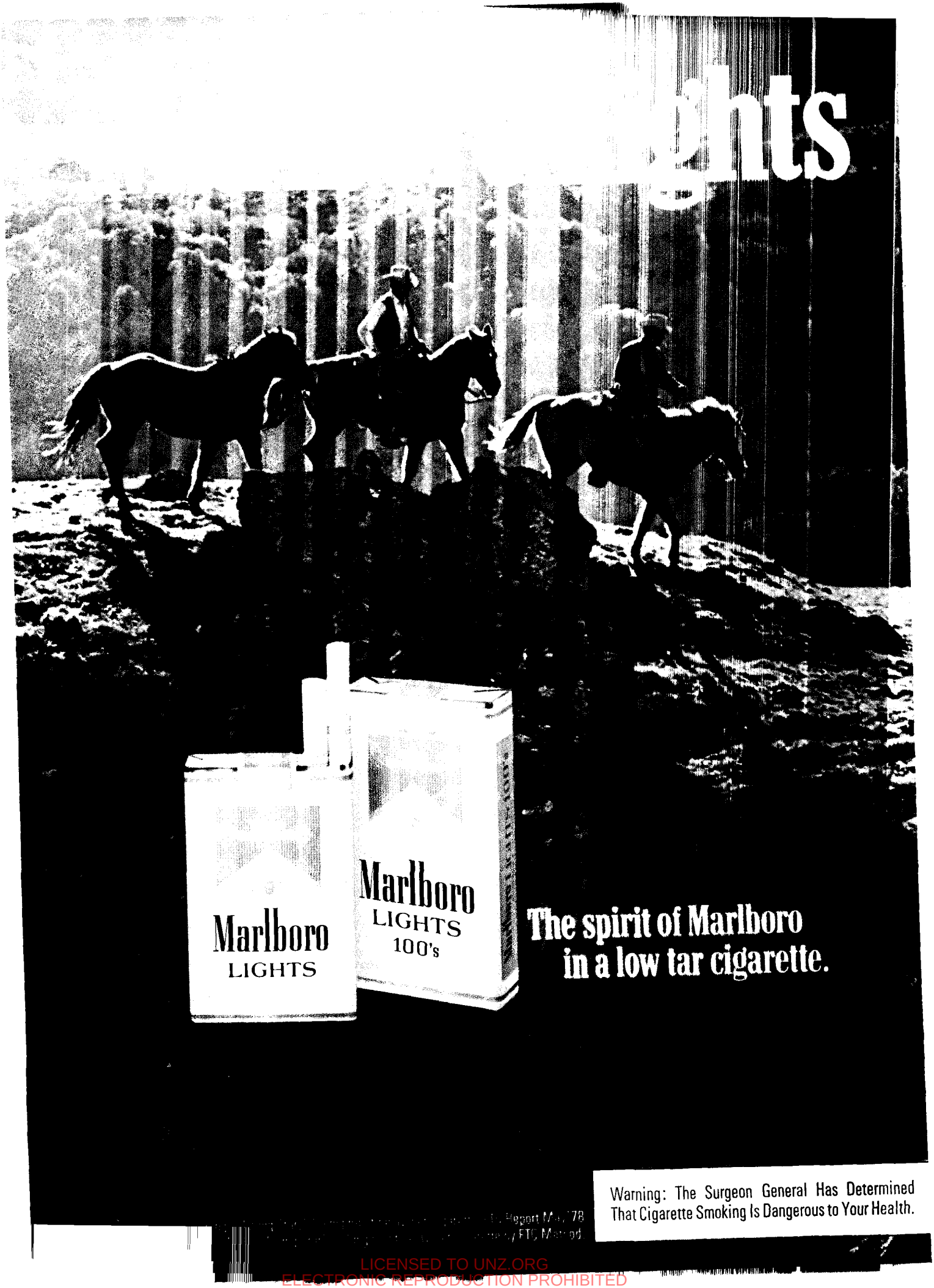

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